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## ALLIE STONE.

*Adapted to a Popular Irish Melody.*

BY GEORGE P. MORRIS.

I.

When, dear Allie Stone, I wander alone,
My laggie ever dwell upon your mind?
Then comes the dectre, my wit to inspire,
To win what so many pursue.
Believe me, fair maid, my tribute is paid
With all the fond faith that I owe;
Confess to the hard, your heart's not so hard
As your name might imply, Allie Stone,
Allie Stone,
As your name might imply, Allie Stone.

II.

You'll lose it in time I'm sure—as I rhyme
My heart is as heavy as lead,
For fear you'll refuse the hope of the muse
And treat find mine in its stead.
Your suitors you change, wherever you range,
No conserving position you own:
Your heart is still free—bestow it on me—
You long have had mine, Allie Stone,
Allie Stone,
You long have had mine, Allie Stone.

III.

But one can succeed—though many may plead
To soften your obdurate tone—
That one let me be, and others will see
I've realized the heart of A. Stone.
As my loving wife, I'll give you for life
The goods and the chattels I own:
Then let the lie lay, and just name the day
When you will be Mistress Malone,
Allie Stone,
When you will be Mistress Malone.

# EUDORA;

OR,

## THE FALSE PRINCESS.

BY MRS. SOUTHWORTH,

AUTHOR OF "THE DESERT QUEEN," "THE SIBYL OF BETTLAR," "ROSE ELMER," ETC., ETC.

### CHAPTER X.

"I'm woman with the will, you may depend on't,
And if not with the will, with the skill, I'm sure."

We must return to the scene of the tragedy, and relate what took place at Ellsworth Abbey immediately after the escape of Rudeen.

In the first place, as soon as Rudeen had taken leave, and before she had passed through the outer ground, Tabitha shut the door, and turned her back so that she might not actually see by what means, or in whose company, her mistress quitted the chamber.

But as soon as she heard the panel slipped into its place, and the bolt on the other side shot across it, she turned, and with a smile of triumph, sank into the easy-chair, saying,

"Now they may cross-examine me until all is blue, if they like, and I can swear a hole through an iron pot that I never saw how she left the room.

And so saying, Miss Tabitha plunked herself up to the rigors of watch she stood so much in need.

It was late in the morning when she was awakened by a loud knocking at the chamber door.

She started up, recollected in an instant where she was, who napped, and what was required.

She jumped up, rubbed her eyes, shook herself, and went to the door.

"Well, who do you want?" she inquired, as she opened it a little way.

"We want the prisoner. Here's some breakfast for her. Let her eat it quickly, for the chaise is at the door to convey her to the county gaol," said the policeman on duty, handing in a waiter of coffee and bread.

"The prisoner? What prisoner are you talking about? There is no prisoner here!" said Tabitha, disdainfully, as she received the waiter, and set it upon the side-table.

"Miss Isidora Lenton, your mistress, our prisoner. Tell her to get ready quickly, as we must take her off towards the prison directly," said the policeman.

"My mistress! Why, haven't you taken her off already?" exclaimed Tabitha, in well assumed surprise.

"Taken her off already? No! What do you mean?" inquired the policeman, in astonishment.

"I mean as how she isn't here! as you know very well she isn't, 'cause you've been here all day long! What have you done with her—eh?" cried Tabitha.

"Come, woman, none of your nonsense; it won't do with us, I can tell you; so just get your missus ready to go with us."

"And I tell you she isn't here! and you know it a great deal better than I do! 'cause you must have taken her away! Too kept the door?"

"Not here!" exclaimed the policeman, pushing without ceremony into the room, and proceeding to search it.

"Now it is of no use to try to gammon people in that way, by pretending to search the room where you know very well that she cannot be found," said Tabitha, scornfully.

"Where is she?" thundered the policeman.

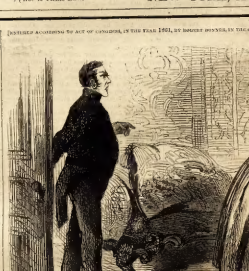
"That's what I want to know! You kept the door! I suppose you came in while I was asleep and stole her away! Maybe you've murdered her, and thrown her into the lake for aught that I know! Oh! you shall pay for it!" cried Tabitha, working herself up into a well-acted passion.

The policeman, without paying further heed to her words, immediately gave the alarm; and the chamber was soon filled with an eager and curious crowd.

"Now, then! what is all this about?" inquired the doctor, who was present.

"Why, sir, this girl declares that the prisoner has escaped!" said the policeman.

"I don't declare no such thing! I declares



THE DOCTOR MYSTIFIED.

that when I woke up this morning she was gone; and it stands to reason, as that perlice guarded the door, he must have stolen her away while I was asleep," cried Tabitha, in an angry voice.

"Escaped! how? when? where! Look to all the outer doors and windows. Search the house! Search the grounds! Give the alarm in the neighborhood! Fifty pounds to any of you who will bring her back! Disperse! voice! she destroyed all your master's family!" exclaimed the doctor, vehemently, addressing the assembled servants, who hurried away to obey him.

"How came you to be so, so negligent, officer, as to let your prisoner pass you?" inquired Squire Humphreys, one of the magistrates, who had remained in the house all night, because he was a friend and neighbor of the late Lord Lenton.

"As Heaven lives me, your worship, she never got out through the door! I never left my post for a single minute during the night, but stood leaning up against the door itself; or else even if I had dropped asleep, and the door could have been opened, I should have fallen down and been roused by the fall. But I never closed my eyes during the whole night, your worship," said the policeman.

"This is most wonderful," continued the magistrate, who, with the doctor, made a careful examination of the room, including the fastenings of the window-shutters, which were all found secure.

"I've my own questioned my comrade, your worship!" inquired the policeman, respectfully.

"Sure enough so one has done so," said the doctor, going and knocking at the door of the little dressing-room.

The officer on guard there unlocked the door, and stood face to face with the doctor.

"The prisoner has escaped! How came you to be so careless as to let her pass?" demanded the doctor.

"Pass! On my honor, sir, no one has passed me that has not been duly let out! I have stood with my back leaning against the door and the key in my pocket all the time, sir, and I'm sure of it, notwithstanding.

"It is most inexplicable! Did neither of you hear any noise in the night?" inquired the magistrate.

"None whatever, your worship," said the first officer.

"Everything was as silent as death, sir," added the second.

"This is most incredible! The girl cannot have been a sorceress as well as a prisoner, to have vanished up the chimney in a flame of fire!" exclaimed the doctor, in an angry tone.

"I beg your worship's pardon," said the principal policeman, coming up and touching his forehead to the magistrate.

"Well, Enos, what is it?"

"I think, sir, as the prisoner could not have escaped through either of the doors guarded by me or my comrade, that she must have got out in some other manner, and that this young woman, who stayed with her all night, can tell us all about it; and with submission to your worship, I think she ought to be made to tell."

"Oh! ought I? I'd like to see who'll make me tell anything I've no mind to tell!" exclaimed Miss Tabs, thrown as completely off her guard as any passionate person may be in such case, and succeed in making them angry.

"I agree with you!" said the doctor, to the policeman. Then turning to Tabitha, he said: "Young woman, you have betrayed yourself. You evidently know something of this mysterious escape of the prisoner. And we must insist upon your divulging all that you do know."

"Worry well, insist away; I sist no manner of objection to your insisting as much as ever you please," replied Tabitha, folding her arms, setting her teeth, and grinning defiance at the doctor.

"How did the prisoner escape from the room?" demanded the latter.

"I don't know," replied Tabitha.

"You do know, and I will make you tell," vociferated the doctor.

"Worry well then, make me," sneered Miss Tabs.

"How did the prisoner escape, I ask you?"

"And I tell you I don't know."

"Woman, I am sure you can and will tell me, and you shall be forced to tell."

"Listen to me then; I will tell you what I do know, and I won't tell you anything more."

"That is all we wish to hear. Go on."

"Well, then, I left Rudeen in the chair, and when I woke up my mistress was gone. That's what I know, and I'm stands to reason as that perlice, as kept the passage door, must have seen, or in their duty and stole her off."

"Young woman, are you telling the truth?"

"Yes, sir; you may word and honor!"

"The whole truth?"

"Why, I don't know those the whole truth no more nor Pontius Pilate."

"Girl! you know more than you choose to tell; but I will find a way to make you open your mouth," said the doctor, sternly.

"And I won't open my mouth no wider for you or no one, sir, nor nothing that can be done to me! I'll be burked, and made a subject of, and hammered in a dissecting-room after I'll open my mouth any wider for anybody on earth! So there now!"

"Young woman, it is my duty to inform you that if you know anything of the escape of the prisoner, you can be made to divulge it," said the magistrate.

"I don't know nothing at all about it, and I won't divulge anything about it," said Miss Tabs, with provoking emphasis. "I won't to save anybody's life! And I'd like to see which'll make me speak when I don't want to speak! I'd like to see the Church and the State try to force me to speak and very top of the pile! House of Commons and the House of Lords try! or the Archbishop of Canterbury and Lord Chancellor try! or all of them together try to the contrary, when I don't want to speak!"

"Oh hold your tongue when you don't want to talk! You impudent creature!" exclaimed the doctor, in a rage.

"Well, I guess people can be impatient if they chooses to take the consequences, don't they? And here am I ready to take the consequences, and you won't! So something dreadful must happen to me, I s'pose, before I can get a bit to eat! well, do it; here I am, ready to be killed, or tortured, or burked, or a'most any of! But I won't speak! I won't speak! I won't speak anybody!"

"You are speaking all the time, you wretch! you are declaring to us with your speech, if you would only speak to the purpose," said the doctor.

"Your words, young woman, betray that you know more of this matter than you are willing to divulge," said the magistrate, gravely.

"I have told you what I do know, sir, that when I closed my eyes my mistress was still in the room, and when I woke up she was gone."

"But have you no knowledge or suspicion of how she went?"

"I have no certain knowledge, sir, as I did not see her when she left. But as there seems no other way of her getting out of the room, it stands to reason that the policeman as kept the door must have let her out."

The magistrate and the doctor looked at each other significantly, and then turned to the policeman; they had no faith whatever in Tabitha, and all the evidence was against the sentinel policeman, and in favor of Tabitha. She saw this, and followed up her advantage by saying, valiantly:

"There gentlemen, I have told you the truth. I can't tell you any more than that. Now you may do your worst to me, for here I stand ready to be a martyr to the truth."

The doctor and the magistrate still continued to look into each other's faces for counsel.

"Why don't you make the policeman confess? Don't you see that there was no other way for Miss Lenton to escape but through the door that he guarded, for the dressing-room guarded by the other policeman has no outlet, and the window-shutters were all barred and padlocked by the doctor, who took away the keys with him. And even if he had not done so, the windows are full sixty feet from the ground, and even if she had attempted to jump from either of them, she must have broken her neck. But she could not even have attempted it, since the windows were found as they were left, securely fastened. And therefore, your worship, it is not perfectly clear on my mirrors must have left the room through the door guarded by that perlice?" concluded Tabitha, pointing vindictively at the innocent-but-discomfited officer.

"Silence, this looks very badly for you," said the magistrate.

"I know it do, your worship, but I hope my character is above suspicion."

"I believe it to be, Sims, and I do not myself suspect you."

In fact, both the magistrate and the doctor strongly suspected Tabitha, but as the evidence was certainly not against her, they could do nothing in the premises.

They left the chamber, and went down into the common dining-room, which had been the scene of so many of the investigations, to consult with the others upon the best means of searching for and recapturing the fugitive.

They remained long in consultation before it occurred to them to summon one who might be supposed to take the deepest interest in the matter.

Then Mr. Humphreys said:

"Had not Mr. Montrose better be requested to give us his company and counsel in this affair?"

"Certainly," replied Doctor Watkins, ringing the bell.

"Give my respects to Mr. Montrose, and say that we should be pleased to see him here," said the doctor to the footman who answered the bell.

The servant withdrew, but presently returned with the news.

Mr. Montrose has not yet risen, sir."

"Lazy fellow, and it is nearly twelve o'clock," said the doctor, dismissing this matter from his mind, and resuming the business with the magistrate.

The form of a placard was drawn up, offering a reward for the apprehension of Eudora Lenton, and this was ordered to be immediately printed and posted all over the country. The police were sent out in every direction to prosecute the search; and when these movements for the apprehension of the fugitive had been taken, the doctor ordered in luncheon for himself and the magistrate and the solicitor to partake of it. And while they were thus engaged, Malcolm Montrose, who had returned home and observed, quietly entered the dining-room, and took them good morning.

"Oh, you are up at last!" said the doctor.

"I had a very bad night's rest; that must be my apology for a very late appearance," said Malcolm, drawing his chair to the table.

"And have you heard since you came down, of the event that has occured?"

"Yes, so my servant informed me; but she could have given me no."

"Why, no; and as the promptest measures have been taken for her apprehension, she will soon to have her safely lodged in jail. But the great mystery is the manner of her escape. She was not vanished up the chimney. I suspect Tabs of knowing more about it than she is willing to tell; but there is no evidence against her, and she insists that her mistress must have been spirited away by the policeman on guard while she, Tabs, slept. And, in fact, if we were not assured of the fidelity of Sims, this would seem the most likely solution of the mystery."

"I should think it would seem the only one," said Malcolm, secretly thanking Heaven that Tabitha had proved "game," and that the manner of Eudora's escape was as yet unknown and unsuspected.

The remainder of the day was passed in fruitless search for the fugitive, of whom several trusses were supposed to have been found. One policeman brought back the report that a young lady in dam mourning had taken the night train as Poolville for Edinburgh. Another that a young person answering to the description of Eudora Lenton had been seen to get into the cross-country stage-coach going to Shorbourne. A third brought the intelligence that a young woman in black had been seen to go on board a vessel bound for Abbeyport—a small seacoast village six miles from Allworth—to Arrech, on the north coast of Ireland.

Policemen, armed with warrants, were sent off in all these directions, while the route of the fugitive remained undiscovered.

Late that night Lieutenant Norham Montrose, the younger brother of Malcolm, arrived at the Abbey.

Norham Montrose was, in form and features, the very counterpart of Malcolm, having the same tall, broad-shouldered, deep-chested, strong-limbed, athletic form, the same noble Roman features, and the same commanding presence. But in complexion and in temperament they were as opposite as day and night; for whereas Malcolm was fair as a fiocon, with clear, blue eyes, and light auburn hair, Norham was dark as a Spaniard, with jet-black eyes and raven-black hair and whiskers. And where Malcolm was generous, liberal and confiding, Norham was haughty, reserved and suspicious.

He had not visited the Abbey since the arrival of Eudora from India, and consequently he had never seen her. The letter from the family solicitor that summoned him to the house informed him of all that had taken place, and how he came with his dark blood boiling, and his heart burning in hatred and vengeance against her whom he considered the chief usurper of the doomed Lenton family.

Malcolm received him with grave affection, and they talked over the late tragedy in very much the same sense as that which Malcolm had already discussed the circumstances with others —Malcolm's opinion leaning upon the innocence of Eudora, and Norham, like former opponents, appearing to the ever-watching evidences against her.

The next day had been appointed for the double funeral.

At an early hour of the morning the guests began to assemble to pay due respect to the memory of the deceased.

Among the neighboring gentry who had been invited to assist at the solemnities, were the respective families of the Honorable Mr. Rivers, of Aleminster, and the veteran Admiral Sir Jon Rennie, of Rennie Hall.

These, as the nearest neighbors and dearest friends of the deceased, arrived first upon the premises.

The mournful came alone in a mourning coach, and was received by Mr. Montrose and Lieutenant Montrose.

Mrs. Elverton came, accompanied by her daughter Alice, and was received by the Princess Fermilini in the deepest mourning.

It was high noon when, in all the "pomp, pride and circumstance" of woe, the remains of Lady Lenton and her daughter Agatha were deposited in the family vault under the church, where three months before those of the head of the House had been laid. There were placed, the wife on the right and the daughter on the left of the late Lord Lenton. And it was with feelings deeper than ever that the mourners left the chapel where rested the bodies of the trio of their once flourishing but now extinguished race.

After the funeral obsequies were over, it was arranged that the Admiral and Mrs. Elverton, with Montrose, as next of kin and heirs presumptive, should remain for the present in charge of the Abbey.

But as it was known that the Princess Fermilini, still the acknowledged friend and relative, must continue as the guest of two gentlemen, it is known where there was no lady, she was immediately overwhelmed with invitations. All the country gentry contended for the honor of the company of an exiled princess. But the Admiral and Mrs. Elverton, as the last to present the hospitality of the veteran hero, Admiral Sir Jon Rennie.

And the same evening, attended by Miss Tabs, whom she had taken into her service, this lady's case accompanied the gallant admiral to his original retreat, the Admiral's Rest.

### CHAPTER XI.

"Either they were their lives not much,
Or they were wondrous brave,
And had no fear of death."
—Old Ballad.

The interest of the history requires that we take up the fortunes of the capable's orphan daughter from the moment that she left Aleminster on the evening preceding her flight.

Poor Amelia, who had been brought up as a sober young girl, and therefore should not be judged by the same standard

The only and beloved child of a dissipated officer in a marching regiment, nearly the whole of whose neglected childhood had been passed in the camp, in the barracks, and in perpetual change of scene.

And in this roving and ungarnished life she had learned to assume the spirit of independence, a proud impatience of restraint, and a wild love of adventure, which, when left into her own hands, precipitate her into the deepest misfortune, and requires the most miraculous Divine Providence to correct.

Hitherto her short life, though erratic, had been blameless.

Now deprived by death of her father, her only natural guardian, and the only authority she would recognize, her high spirit resisted all the thought of control by any other power. And above all, the idea of a degrading parochial interference in her personal matters was most abhorrent to her proud heart.

Thus, the strongest motives that could actuate a creature of her peculiar character prompted her to immediate flight—on the one hand, a loathing dread of the degradation of being sent

to the union, or bound to a mistress, or left a burden upon the poor widow; and on the other hand, a tingling desire for liberty, fresh air, and country scenery; and under all this a faint love of adventure, a romantic disposition, and a long-cherished secret resolution to make her own way in the world, combined in irresistible power to urge Amelia to this strange proceeding.

From the hour of overhearing the conversation between the parish officers and the landlady, she had firmly determined upon making her escape into the country.

To this end a purpose to Mrs. Corder she knew would be to raise instant and fatal opposition to her plans; and once resolved to escape, she was confident that her departure should be without kindness or pursuit. Therefore her withdrawal must be private as well as resolute.

But to leave the house without taking leave of her kind friends would seem ungrateful, and to leave them in anxiety concerning her fate would be cruel.

Therefore, after some consideration, she resolved upon the expedient of writing a farewell letter. When she had finished, folded, and directed this letter, she placed it in front of the fragrance of her dressing-glass, in a conspicuous place, where she knew it must be found.

She then made a large compact bundle of all the most valuable portions of her personal effects; but she put up only a small quantity of only a single change of clothing. And then she fastened on her purse, that contained the half-a-crown, which had been slipped into her hand by Enders, and accepted as a loan, to be repaid at some future day.

Lastly, she lay down upon the bed to rest while waiting for the dawn of day to commence her journey. She did not intend to sleep, but to sleep; yet scarcely had her head sunk upon her pillow, when her fatigue overpowered her excitement and cast her into a deep sleep that lasted until morning.

Day was dawning when she awoke with a start and a sudden recollection of her purpose.

She sprang up from the bed, and commenced cautious but hasty preparations for her flight.

When quite ready, she took her bundles in her arm and silently descended the stairs, where she reached the narrow entrance-hall. She softly glided along this hall until she reached the front door. She unbolted, unbarred, and unchained it, closed it behind her, and went forth alone into the world.

The street was at this hour more deserted, still, and silent than at any other time of the day or night. The blank weathers had long since ended, and the neglect were not yet begun. The rows of houses on each side the street presented long, dark lines of solemn repose and quietness.

For a moment Amelia stood before the door she was about to leave, and looked up and down the street in perplexity as to which direct her steps.

Then she turned up the street, and walked on briskly in the direction of the city.

It was growing quite light, so that by the time she reached London Bridge the sun was rising and throwing a flood of golden light upon the waters of the river.

She crossed the bridge and hurried onward up King William street until she reached the shop of a few dealer in second-hand clothing.

She entered this shop, under her large bundle, displayed its contents upon the counter, and inquired of the dealer his lowest price.

"What will you give me for these?"

"How much do you want?" asked the woman.

"I think they are worth three pounds, but you may have them for two," replied Amelia, hesitatingly.

"Two pounds!" Two are jokiish," said the dealer, leaning the bundles down with a disdain.

"What will you give me for them, then?" inquired Amelia, impatiently.

"Five shillings for the lot."

"Can't will not do," said Amelia, beginning to tie up the bundle.

"Stopsh, stopsh, letsh talk a little more," said the woman, detaining her customer.

Amelia paused, and a little more bargaining ensued, in which, as a matter of course, Amelia was cheated. Impatient to be gone, she closed the sale, disposing of her wardrobe for the sum of ten shillings, and left the house.

Keeping nearly due north, she walked on until in the course of time she reached the King's cross Railway station.

It was now o'clock.

She entered the ticket-office, and inquired when the next train would start. She was told at ten minutes past the hour. This gave her just time enough to get a cup of coffee and a roll at the pastrycook's stall opposite the office.

When she had partaken of this refreshment that her long walk had made so necessary, she went up to the ticket-office window, took her brief sovereign upon the ledge, and inquired of the clerk:

"How far on this line will this money take me?"

Instead of answering her question the clerk regarded her with such a look of suspicion, that she hastened to say:

"I have just lost my father, and have no relations here in London. I want to go to the north, where I have a friend. I have only shillings and six pence, and I am afraid I have half-a-crown to pay food, and to go as far as half-a-crown will carry me on my way; is it far that I must walk?"

There were other passengers thronging to the window to be accommodated, and so the clerk hastily drew the half-crown to him, and pushed out a ticket, which she seized as she left the window, and plunged into the crowd that thronging towards the third-class carriages. She had just taken her seat when the train started.

It was the first train, and thus it happened that in the very moment in which good Mrs. Corder discovered the absence of her favorite, Amelia was full forty miles from London, flying northward at the rate of forty miles an hour.

As the train rushed onward the wild girl's spirits rose.

It was a beautiful day in spring; the earth wore its tenderest and freshest green, the fields its softest and clearest blue; and the sun shone out like the smile of God over all nature.

Amelia was alone in the world; she had just buried her father, and had not a relation friend left upon earth; she had but one ounce of clothing in her parcel, and only a few shillings in her purse; she knew not exactly where she was going; she knew she should only succeed in her undertaking; she knew she should only succeed in take her next night's rest.

And yet, in a state of poverty, friendlessness, and uncertainty that must have crushed the spirit of any grown-up man or woman subjected to the trials she still could not feel sorrowful, careless, or downhearted.

The sun was bright, the country fresh, and the motion rapid; and between the beauty of the day, the excitement of the journey, and the stillness of the scenery, her spirits were so exhilarated that she could have sung for joy. It was rapture to watch the woods and fields, farms and hamlets, hills and valleys rush past her as the train flew onward. It was delight to stop at the strange towns, with strange streets and houses, and strange people coming and going. And it was ecstasy to rush onward again with lightning speed. And intoxication to feel that she was free!

She might be the most miserable little creature alive, but she did not know it. She might come to beggary in the end, but she did not think it. She might be raising straight to ruin, but she did not see it. Pain, despite of sweeping Fate, the spirit in her bosom clapped its wings and cowed for joy.

And by this the reader may jump to the conclusion that Amelia's brain was slightly "touched;" that she was a little "crazy;" that she had not left Mrs. Corder's "right;" that she was, dear, tender. Amelia was simply undisciplined, inexperienced, and romantic. Her ignorance was "blind." And so, though poor and friendless, she set forth to seek her fortune with as little concern as if she were setting out to Cour-de-Lion, Lady Hester Stanhope, or my other knight or dame of eminent or medieval times when sallying forth in quest of adventure.

The day was fine. The afternoon was even more sultry than the season warranted, that the weather-wise farmers in the carriage with Amelia predicted the approach of one of the hottest storms that ever shook heaven and earth. And, as if in justification of this prediction, towards evening the clouds began to gather thick, black, and lowering over the earth. The face of the country also changed. The lovely woods, fields, fresh and fruitful farms gave way to bare moors, and the barren heaths of the north by all around.

And still the train rushed onward in the face of the approaching tempest. And still with undiminished spirits, Amelia looked upon the unknown fate.

One other member of her fellow-passengers left the carriage in which she travelled, until at last, in a small country station, she found herself alone in self quite alone. And at this station the guard put his head in at the door with the peremptory demand:

"TICKETS!"

Amelia started from her day-dream, and remembered her ticket.

"You've travelled thirty miles farther than you've any right to," said the guard, "but I'll be a great mind to give you in charge," said the guard, angrily.

"Have I? Indeed I did not mean to do it. I quite forgot to look at my ticket," said Amelia, beginning to feel as if she was involved in the meshes of some dread seeking her fortune.

"You know where you were going to, I suppose?" growled the guard.

"Indeed I do not," she answered.

"Not know where you were going to, I suppose?" growled the guard.

"Indeed I do not," she repeated.

"All that was a Dutch to Amelia's ear, till fourth twenty miles blinked you."

"Twenty miles!" she exclaimed exclamation of poor Nellie.

"Come, that won't do, you know; you've got to get out, and I shall give you in charge of the policeman. Where are you going?"

"Don't pray don't! See, I've two shillings left, and that ought to be enough to pay for twenty miles' ride in a third-class carriage," said Amelia, springing out upon the platform, and placing into the hand of the guard.

The train moved on, leaving Amelia standing alone by the roadside with her little bundle in her hand, but without a penny in her purse. She looked around her, in all directions, but saw nothing inside. Above her lowered the dark and tempestuous clouds, and from them the storm was approaching, and she was homeless, friendless, and penniless on the land. Before her stretched on all sides for shelter from the storm, but a few cottages, and these at a distance of human habitation. Even the little wagons and waggons were gone, and Amelia stood quite alone and deserted.

In fact, the business of seeking her fortune did not seem half so pleasant as it had appeared in the morning. The fifty miles that lay between home in good Mrs. Corder's third-floor back; the comfy fire, warm room, and nice muffin rolled, and she walked on, saying to herself:

"Come, Nelly, we mustn't be dismayed by the first difficulty. We got on very well in Christian country, any how, and by-and-by we must come to some country, where the people will give us shelter from the storm to-night, and to-morrow we'll have a fine day."

And so, with a smile in the face of frowning heaven, she stepped out upon the road that led railway-track and hurried onward.

But the storm was not to be warded off. Nature not where in all the north Allerwith Allerby, nor did any of the people seem to be attracted. She knew not even whether she might be within the bounds of a town, or not. She was going on to seek it she had taken the general northern course as she was not to be found. Even for her money, trusting to the chapter of accidents to find her some inn or other to shelter her.

"It must be within a circuit of twenty miles I should think; and somebody about here must have some knowledge about it. Be sure I shall reach shelter from the storm, and to-morrow be on my way to the Abbey," she thought, as she encouraged onward through the gathering darkness, and increasing storm and heavy rain, which the rain warned her to hurry her steps. She ran forward, looking eagerly ahead for the first of out some wayside cottages in which she might find shelter from the approaching storm. But the darkness was now so thick that she could scarcely see her own person.

Suddenly the clouds were cleft asunder by a stroke of lightning, that blazed from one horizon to horizon, making the night for one instant as bright as noon-day. Then the thunder distinctly followed by a reverberating crash of tremendous peals that rolled on and on.

Amelia stood still, but not appalled; for in that one instantaneous glare of light she had seen not a shining ground far to the northward the white chimneys of a mansion-house. And though this vision seem was again swallowed up in darkness, she kept the direction of the house in her mind, and, nerved by a blinding courage, in trusting in the frequent flashes of lightning to correct her mistakes and guide her course.

Her way lay up and down hill through the deepest darkness, which was blinding intensified by deafening thunder, and of drowning rain, accompanied by the stormy gusts that attended with wet, and exhausted by fatigue, Amelia yet kept on, and at length reached the mansion-house she had fixed on for house of refuge.

As she approached the neighborhood of this dwelling she grew independent of the lightning as a guide, and kept her course between the flashes she could see the windows of the mansion, which seemed to be illuminated within, in as far a festival.

And from the moment that she found she could keep the house constantly in view, she settled on towards it hopefully, saying to herself:

"It may be a gentleman's house or a lord's house, but it must be a civilized Christian's house, and therefore it must afford me shelter from the storm for this one night."

So, though nearly blinded, deafened, and drowned by the lightning, thunder, and rain, Amelia valiantly pushed on towards the goal.

But ah! that place of refuge was much further off than she had supposed it to be. A brilliant light sat upon a hill in seen for a long way off in a dark night; and long after Amelia had first caught sight of the illuminated windows, she continued to toil on through night and storm and darkness, through thunder, lightning, and rain, up and down hill, over the rough road, without coming to get much nearer the desired spot.

Even the storm grew weary of raging and spirited itself to rest. The lightning ceased to flash, the thunder to roll, and the rain to fall; the clouds dispersed, the stars rode out, and the moon arose; and Amelia, hungry, wet, and weary, still pushed on, and on, and on, still towards the illuminated house, which, at last, she reached in the middle of night.

At length she began to ascend a hill on which the mansion stood, blazing like a beacon-light of love. When she reached the summit of the hill she found herself arrested by the low brick wall that encircled the park of her temporary refuge to the house. Taking this wall for her guide, she followed it, hoping that it would bring her at last to the gate or the gamekeeper's lodge. Keeping close to the wall, and walking rapidly, she came indeed to the gate, which stood wide open and unguarded, as the lodge beside it was unoccupied.

She passed through the gate and entered a long semi-circular avenue of elms, that in the early light of the following day would appear to her as a front of a magnificent house, the whole park and mansion being illuminated through the trees to bottom.

And yet there was not a living creature to be seen.

Amelia passed in awe, and gazed upon the splendid and imposing front, wondering to herself:

"There must be a party here to-night. And yet there cannot be, either, for I see no servants, or a single coach or chaise. And yet the house-display is as bright as heavens, it is also as stated as the grave. What can be the cause or the meaning of it all?"

Without daring to go up and knock at the principal door, Amelia turned and went around to the offices, and there found a kitchen door in a trance, thinking, with a shudder:

"Perhaps the family are all at the dogs, I suppose."

But no dogs barked, and Amelia made her way unhurried to the back part of the house.

Here she found a door standing wide open, and, and scope of them were so near the ground beginning that she was tempted to look in for mansions before knocking for admittance.

So she peeped in through the open side-door, and holding by the window-sill above it, looked through the window in upon the room.

And there, in the midst of a splendid lighted, well carpeted, and well carnished, though now much disordered room, she saw a table covered with full light strewn out into the cheerless night. Two chairs stood by the table, and the floor covered with a most comfortable and substantial carpet.

Within her view was two persons—a full, lusty, and portly man, and a tall, thin, gray-haired woman.

The man seated at supper that Amelia could not choose but hold on to the window-sill and gaze upon the luxurious scene.

And at the same instant Amelia sank down upon the door-step.

But soon she heard a commotion in the room that was in the ordering of her future destiny, made no attempt to restrain her. She wandered that was in the ordering of her future destiny, made no attempt to restrain her. She wandered and the fist heard rudely seized, and not upon her first, while a rough hand turned the light of a lamp full upon her face, and a harsh voice demanded:

"Who are you?"

"Amelia Wilder!" gasped the captured girl, in a frightened tone. "Oh, pray, pray, don't let me whom she had watched at his supper.

"I don't know, sir," answered Amelia, in a trembling voice.

"Where bound?"

"I do not understand you, sir."

"Who's your skipper?"

"I do not understand you, sir."

"Come along in then on the admiral! We'll see if we can't make you understand you. You can't have any piratical-looking crafts cruising about in our seas without overlooking their letters of marque. Let's get you and the rest of your ship into port, alongside of the admiral," said the portly man, who, with the tall woman, had risen from supper, and now stood in the doorway, looking out upon Amelia.

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(TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.)

## CELADINE'S LOVERS.

BY MARY C. VAUGHAN.

"I don't wish to marry him. I don't wish to marry at all."

"Ridiculous! What can a child like you know about her own wishes? He is a first-rate match—handsome, rich, and of good family."

"He is so much older than I."

"Only ten years—not enough for that. Just what you want—a man grave, quiet, dignified, to keep your wayward husband in order."

"Aunt Celadine, I wish you would not talk so. I am sure I never can love him."

"Absurd! Stuff! That ever I should live to hear a daughter of mine speak of loving in the face of her parents' wishes. I'll never hear such a word from your lips again—such indeed as that of love. Love, indeed! Romantic nonsense from your parents' wishes. If you marry according to your own fancy, you will marry a man whom you can respect, and all the rest is folly."

The above is a specimen of the dialogue that daily passed between Celadine Hellmore and her aunt, whom they were years sixty or more. They thought this wrinkle scene was quite natural, and in darkness, she kept the direction of the house in her mind, and, nerved by a blinding courage, in trusting in the frequent flashes of lightning to correct her mistakes and guide her course.

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# THE NEW YORK LEDGER


## TWO LOVING HEARTS.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

'Tis sweet to set two loving hearts
Unite on affections strong,
And all affluence of the world
Can't buy the love that throbs
But sweeter far to see them rest
Fair pleasure's golden shore,
Where all their joys, with music soft
Shall mingle evermore.

Then sweet my love for you and me
Is tender as can be,
As no one else can ever be
Sweet darling to be mine;
And may no grief our hearts beguile,
But joyous may we be;
Then in thy sorrow, sweet, believe,
I in my bliss—to thee.

## THE BRITISH DESERTER.

### AN INCIDENT OF THE REVOLUTION.

I was a private in the Scotch corps, known as Fraser's Rangers, which accompanied General Burgoyne in the summer of 1777 from Montreal, on that eventful campaign, which opened with such brilliant hopes, but was so disastrously early terminated at Saratoga. My captain was a near relation, and on joining the command he had promised to use his influence to obtain for me the rank of a commissioned officer. Our company was made up of one hundred selected young men, all scientific in point of bodily strength, activity, and endurance of fatigue and exposure; and it was not long before we became the especial favorite corps of the commanding general. On all occasions, where any service requiring unusual promptness and courage was necessary, a requisition was made upon Captain Fraser and his "Scotch Boys;" so that in a little time we became the marked and envied company of all those who wished to reach the flower of the British army of the North.

The battle of Ticonderoga had passed, and after various successes, the column had advanced toward the Hudson River; it being the intention of our General to force his way southward, and rallying around him as he proceeded those favorable to the cause of the King, to effect a junction with the forces of General Howe, then in blockade in New York.

But the American, recovering from the check we had given them at Brandywine and Germantown, were now concentrating their forces, so that our line of march was closely invested by them. Indeed, fortune seemed to have determined to have taken a turn against us, and reverses after reverses followed in rapid succession. The news of the final day of Saratoga, our prospects had become anything but flattering. Gates pervaded the army, and was the hero of the darkened with forebodings.

Our communications had been cut off with Clinton and home; and as the enemy possessed the country between us and that quarter, with their vigilance, it had been utterly impossible to convey the slightest intelligence of our actual position. No less than five messengers had been dispatched to our friend the commander-in-chief, but all of them had failed, and fallen into the hands of the Americans.

One morning in the last week of September, while our column was encamped about forty miles from Albany, an orderly sergeant entered my tent with an order from the Commanding General, to present myself at his marquee.

I selected the summons, and on entering the tent was met by my captain, who presented me to Burgoyne. The latter was seated at a table, covered with papers, and a map of the country, which he seemed to have been just consulting. General Burgoyne at once informed me that he wished some one to pass the enemy's lines and communicate with General Clinton, and from the captain's recommendation had chosen me for the hazardous undertaking. I was the property of the deserter, and on my return should be made a lieutenant, and my future promotion be as rapid as possible.

These brilliant promises, backed by numerous noble arguments, overcame all my scruples, and being invested with the verbal message, to Sir Henry Clinton or to General Howe, I pledged my word to be ready to leave the camp as soon as the darkness of the night should cover my contemplated desertion.

After the guard had been arranged for the night, which was cloudy, and threatening rain, Captain Fraser led me on one side, and communicated to me the more minute details of my project, at the same time presenting me with a pair of marching boots, in the lining of which, he informed me, was secreted a letter from the commander to General Clinton.

All being now settled, he embraced me, and cheerfully bid me good night, and a successful journey; and I was left alone to make my last preparations for the perilous adventure before me.

My captain had so planned it, that on this particular night I should be encamped on guard, and there soon as some service connected with it was commenced in front of our advanced pickets. On passing the videttes, we had been instructed to ascertain and find out the exact position to the designated point of our observations, where we were again to unite.

On the way I managed to fill in with the corporal, with whom I formerly had been on guard, pretending to be desirous of having his place, as I was to be relieved by him.

"Our post is a fatiling one, Sandy," said I—"and I, me son, am determined to stay by my fighting ship no longer. It be but ten minutes walk from here to the Yankee sentinels, and when we get on, they'll be sure to send us both to the devil, while we join the rising fortunes of old Washington!"

At first the corporal supposed I was joking; but finding the conversation serious, he looked alarmed him.

"You really are not serious in what you say Donald?"

I assured him I never was more so in my life.

"Why, Sandy," said I, "I am this moment on my way to throw myself among the Americans pickets men, and I invite you, my boy, to do as we do."

The corporal suddenly sprung into the path before me, and bringing his rifle to a pitch, with the muzzle pointed toward my breast, exclaimed, in a voice loud enough to alarm the whole three men—

"No, no, Donald—let even for Washington's commission would I do it! Nor shall you, Donald, sir, I accept you as a traitor to your country. Let it rest, men, even for the moment."

And then the brave fellow continued, addressing himself directly to me in a determined tone that could not be mistaken, while in the darkness I could see his eyes emit flashes of fire.

"Advance but a single step, Donald McDougall, and you are a dead man!"

I heard the rapid footsteps of our comrades approaching the spot; not a moment was to be lost; and being prepared for just such a scene, I leaped upon the corporal, and attempted to disarm him. In the struggle the piece exploded, instantly throwing the videttes into alarm.

I now took advantage of the temporary confusion that ensued, and quieting my bold upon the weapon, ran swiftly in the direction of the American pickets. Sandy followed me, shouting to the men, who were coming up, to fire upon me, regardless of him. They fired, and one of their bullets passed through my sleeve, slightly wounding my right arm. But throwing away my rifle and other encumbrances, I was enabled to outrun my pursuers for a time, but after a while, the nature of the ground made it necessary to make a long detour to the left, which brought me within a few rods of our pickets again. They must have heard my running, for shot after shot whistled in alarming proximity to my ears. At length I sought the corner of a gully, up which I ran. I was exhausted by the challenge of a sentinel, which came from his mask tone, I had no doubt was one of the advance pickets of the enemy. Such indeed it proved.

I answered the hail, and after informing the man that I was a British deserter, was directed to advance. In a few minutes I stood in the presence of the guard, by whom I was admitted within the American lines. I approached a group of soldiers, by whom, of course, I was regarded with suspicion, till, ling but to the guard-fire, the blood from my wound convinced them that I was indeed a deserter.

Here I was confused by the countless questions that were poured upon me by every command, and the cause of my desertion. The reason I gave for the latter was, that I was disgusted with a service in which there were no hopes of promotion, short of military and aristocratic distinction.

"I guess, young fellor, of the truth was told," drawled one of my questioners, "you got licked or tarring that ere leg but not enough to scare camp, for I calculate you've been punished lately for something."

Willing to confirm the impression this attempted witticism gave rise to among persons among the men, I nodded my assent.

"You've been licked, then, sir?" "You cannot flourish me sparky now!" "Sir," and several other questions of a like nature crowded upon me, I nodded my assent.

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NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 24, 1861.

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## CALIFORNIA.

The history of California is the most romantic able of any State which has ever risen to wealth and importance. It cannot be said to have grown. Like Minerva from the head of Jove, it sprang into existence full grown. This is true with hardly a figure of speech.

A scientific expedition—one of science—is stumped over the gold domain in 1846—8, spread its tents on the Pacific coast regions, and discovered them not. It was reserved for a humble Yankee man to make the discovery, which he did on the 19th of January, 1848. Immediately the gold fever spread. People left their flocks and herds for the dazzling work of and-daily quarrying wheels. The new region was a hurricane over the civilized world. Aristocracy, wisdom, without wealth, is a body without a soul, was in Europe deeply interested in this republican phase of nature. An immense attention in oil prizes was looked for in Europe, and governments, especially those of Great Britain and Russia, looked into the question. The Gulf of Americans would flow of oil—not yet put in operation, to sell its gold at the highest rate, and take in silver. Premium Dollars. The ten-dollar pieces were sent to Paris. Colonel Napoleon, and silver five-franc pieces drawn out in the Gulf of Mexico. The premium on gold fell from nearly ten per cent. to a discount in a few months. At the end of the year five thousand miners were at work; in the next two, forty or fifty thousand; now almost or about one hundred thousand miners. The most lively workmen in the richest placers drew more from five hundred to five thousand dollars in a day. But these cases are in the averages, which were so large. In 1853 the average of miners had fallen to five dollars a day in 1860 it was but three dollars.

Never before were seen such scenes as in the early days of San Francisco Americanized. All the land distinctions between gentlemen and servant, capitalist and workmen, were broken down. Doctors, lawyers, merchants, ploughpointers and laborers; anything that could supply the wants of a livelihood was eagerly embraced. The result was a splendid impulse of effort, an heroic progress, such as the world had never seen. There were no idlers. All, however, spent too generally as freely as they made, and the annals of California are full of new wrecked hopes and bruised spirits. Notwithstanding all the gold gathered from California, notwithstanding the magnificent revelations of agricultural resources which the wondrous country reveals, there is really no question that up to this time it has not paid the interest. When we consider the labor and capital drawn from the East, the necessity of mistakes, lag, to a great extent, the early settlers, while developing the resources of the country, the inexperiences in ships, mail routes, additional troops, and growing out of the great wrong, we can easily come to the conclusion that, like every other project, it requires time to bring the investment. Like that of Virginia, which was first settled by Englishmen, which nearly buggered Penn, or any other that may be named in the country, as to California. The first generation supports those that are to follow. The pioneer carries the cross always.

## USURY.

In times like the present the usurers reap a golden harvest. They are to be found everywhere of trade. In vulgar parlance they are known as shavers; but they should be called buyers, for they ably their victims. One would think that only madmen would submit to such extortionate rates; yet merchants, with a reputation for sagacity, often suffer themselves to be led into a state of pecuniary sympathy by these merciless philebotomists; may even beg, implore, and kneel in their eyes, to be "accommodated" with ruin at the rate of from five to three per cent. a month. Even a quarter per cent. a day is sometimes paid to save a protest. Men may come here with all the rules of commercial arithmetic at their fingers' ends,—no one calculates more quickly on any probable operation with telegraphic rapidity—should be seemingly exhibitors of the losses which usurious discounts involve, but infinitely more infinitely more sanely and honest, to make no assignments and go into bankruptcy at once, than to stave off the evil day—seem to come at last—by resorting to the Shylocks of "the Street" for a temporary bolstering. However done no wonder the usurer, He throws their money away, without in the slightest breathing himself. On the contrary, he does himself a positive injury, for after having waited upon bank after bank the estates that should have paid a respectable dividend on his debts, these wrongs he has thus defrauded are pretty sure to look upon him as a knave or a fool, and to give him the cold shoulder when he applies for a release from his obligations and a little credit wherewith to begin the world anew. On the other hand the honest bankrupt, who can show by his books that he has exercised due prudence in the transaction of his business, and that his failure was the result of unavoidable contingencies, is always called on sometimes to set him on his legs again, from the very sympathy some have credit previous to his misfortune.

Never resort to illegitimate means for the purpose of keeping up a staggering business. Such a course is certain, sooner or later, and inevitable, with a proper sense of honor. When a house can only be propped up at the rate of two per cent. a month for loans, the sooner it falls the better for all concerned. If the descendants in such a case be long postponed, the wreckers of Wall street will absorb all the capital as salvage, and the owners and those who have claims upon them, will get nothing.

## THE VOCABULARY OF WAR.

If we civilians fail to acquire a knowledge of military terms and tactics, it will not be the fault of the book-makers. They overwhelm us with tactics, dictionaries and manuals; and practice of the art destructive of all other arts—the art of war. And everybody reads these books even the ladies. More lies fairly got into the hands of women. Empires and wars diminutive of scented and jewelled fops will talk tactics as pro by the hour, and were it not for "villanous saltpetre," no doubt "he, too, would have been a soldier." Pretty girls are well up in the military alphabet, from "Abatis" to "Zouave," have all the nomenclature of the camp and the battle-field at their fingers' ends, and know how to direct the "artillery" of the eyes so as to make a dash breach in a bachelor's "breastworks." Ask a belle what she is going for Saturday, Ans. what will tell you "to recruit." If you vow her, she will beat "the bivouac" with her foot, and when you ask her to take in military patience, will be sure to "rally" you. Should her lover volunteer in the war, she will appoint a "rendezvous," favor him with a "salute" on parting, and like a play with her shining curls, ten to one but she wishes "to be remembered."

In short, the social circle has become thoroughly martial and drilled for the tramp of the legs and doings. A pin-eie no longer a pinfeu, but a "bayonet;" the fire-side, instead of being called fools as activities, are known as "sops," "full sops," and "double sops." Every day reads down dictionaries "contre-marches" and the various "countersigns" takes deep into their humorous lights a "red-coat," and money-collectors declare that when they civilly request the settlement of a bill, they "charge" are not, in like cases out of ten, with "point blank" refusals. The phraseology of the police courts even got into the temperance organizations, and their orders of sobriety and "marches" not to drink tea and cheese wine, recommend them not to "confound" in the plans of "pledge."

Such are the consequences of the war fever, and it is impossible to imagine with any degree of certainty when the community will be freed again. Meanwhile, however, we look hopefully for a good time coming (when the war fever, later, is bound to come,) when the people of the different countries will "fraternize across their sections," and "bullets" shall supersede "bullets" in the settlement of all those domestic differences. Heaven speed the day!

## SWINDLING CONTRACTORS.

"What can I do for you, mes braves?" said Napoleon to a band of soldiers that had distinguished himself at the battle of Jena. "Sire," said his soldiers, "we have a comrade who is a *misery sore and then*." The French army, it seems, was so badly off at the time for boots and clothing, that this non-commissioned officer was regarded almost as a benefactor when he contrived responsible for the provisions of himself and his comrades. He was made a Knight of the Honor and immediate promotion. Army contractors of modern times are not quite worthy of the better since the battle of Jena. They are unpersecuted and unbridled by the fear of war, and, judging from the accounts in the daily papers, we have no reason to suppose that in this country who require looking after if not hanging. Fellows that supply whole regiments with shoes uniform in size, and only fit for charging for the same from $15 to $17 methods should certainly be kept under. Those who should accordance with the government orders are frequently found to be contemptible, and together with glue, go sawdust of justice. We don't say they ought to be hung up to the doors of their own factories, but we do think that they have already got off too easily, and we call upon them as a vice, until they consent to disgorge their ill-gotten gains, or to receive full of warm hanging. Fellows that supply whole regiments with

THE NEW YORK LEDGER



## HUSH!

BY MARY FORRESTT.

Well, look into my eyes, Carl;
Look till the tears come up!
Challenge their kin with your pitiless gray,
While death, the cold prisoner, is shaking away
The heart's still prayer!
Ay, look into my heart, Carl;
Look till the tears spring up—
Put on the bronze sheet!
Put on the bronze sheet!
A breeze or a sphere
The waves will shower—
Hush he lies sleep!

The crimson'd siege so it flows, Carl;
He quiets he up to the seas;
But the air of the storm is dead and strong,
And down in its innermost caverns belong

The snow-white pearls;
My love, like those beautiful gems, Carl,
Shall slumber away from the sun;
There, trust in me now,
Carl, turn away now,
I will not break
That turning look
On my snow-white pearls!

## THE TRIAD;

OR,

## ARNOLD THE TRAITOR.

### A ROMANCE OF THE REVOLUTION

BY LIEUT. HUGH A. GARDNER.

### CHAPTER XXVI.

#### THE WAR PARTY.

Night was coming rapidly down over the land, and one by one the features of the surround ing country were being hidden in the general gloom.

The sparsely settled country, rendered desolate by the rude hand of war, now lay dark and silent, with no cheerful gleams of light from the cottage windows to throw a peaceful ray into the darkness. Many a home had been wantonly, many a hearth desolated since first the tyrannical of the contending peoples had met in battle.

In a forest that lay about five miles up the river, a strange and wild group were assembled. High on the air a great column of smoke ascended from a bonfire that was kindled from enormous logs gathered from the forest. The flames licked out, and their ruddy glow was reflected in the smooth surface of the river.

A score or more of Indians were around it. Some were cooking animals killed in the chase, others were examining their guns, others sharpening their knives. Others again were extended upon the ground, gazing listlessly into the fire, or with closed eyes endeavoring to sleep.

At one side five or six were gathered, talking in low tones to each other. At times one of them would throw new logs on the fire, whereupon the saggy flames would burst out with redoubled energy, and a gush of innumerable sparks would burst upward and glisten in the dark atmosphere.

It was a weird, wild scene, the glow of the flames, the naked savages all gleaming like ruddy statues in the light of the bonfire, the solemn forest trees surrounding them, the majestic river, and the darkness and silence that reigned all around, formed altogether a striking scene.

"Our chief keeps us long," said one.

"He has great plans."

"He is a great man."

"Where is he now?"

"In New York."

"Are we to stay here to-night?"

"Who knows?"

"I think not," said one burly savage.

"Why?"

"Because I saw Gondo two hours ago, and he told me to have the boats ready."

"Why did you not say so before?"

"What's the use? Let us rest till we are called."

"The great blow will soon be struck," said one of the first speakers.

"Yes—Gondo says the hour is near."

"What vengeance we will take on the pale faces!"

"We will live to see them ruined, and our lands restored."

"These pale faces will rain themselves without our help. When they fight they kill by themselves."

"More pale faces have come from beyond the sea to fight the Englishi. Many ships, they say, have come."

"The better for the Indian. Let them fight. What matters it to us who holds, or long and red blood it shed."

"Let them fight, and welcome to all who help them."

Loud shouts now arose from the other side of the open space.

A number of burly warriors had rushed forward and commenced a fierce, barbaric dance. They threw themselves into the wildest attitudes. They shouted and screamed, and high above all other sounds the dread war-whoop rang out on the night air. All the remaining warriors caught the infection; one by one they started to their feet, and at last all joined in the war-dance. At length all were exhausted, and after this exhibition of savage excitement they sought rest once more.

Gondo is a mighty chief," said one of the warriors.

"He has the blood of the pale face in his veins, but he loves the Indians best."

"He hates the pale faces as much as we do."

"Pale faces!" cried one younger warrior, "I did not know that Gondo had the blood of the pale faces."

"It is true," said an elder warrior. "Some young man—I will tell you if you wish to know."

"I wish to know. Tell me, Tomaras."

"Forty years ago a pale face hunter strayed into our camp. He was lost in the woods. We gave him shelter. We were a mighty people then.

"He lived in the tent of the chief. The chief had a daughter as lovely as the stars of Heaven. The pale face saw her and loved her. She, too, loved the pale face, for he was a brave warrior, and such a man as a woman might love.

"The chief loved the pale face, and was glad. So he married the chief's daughter. He lived with us a year. He went out on our war parties. He drove away the enemy from our land.

"At the end of that time his heart turned back to his own home. He remained and left his wife with us, for she did not want to go from her tribe. He also left a new born child. He thinks with found that he had a pale face wife at home—her small grew and, and she dropped like a flower blighted by the frost.

"At the end of a year the pale face returned to the camp. We were glad to see him. We did not care if he had twenty pale face wives, but the chief's daughter could not forget this. She died soon from grief.

"Gondo was her son. His father took him home, and sent him to great places where the pale faces learn all wonders and mysteries. So he knew as much as the pale faces. But the pale faces shunned him, for they said he was the son of a second wife, and a second wife is an abomination among the pale faces.

"His father could not take him to his own house for the same reason.

"But Gondo cared nothing for this. He learned all that the pale faces could teach. But his heart was here. In his youth he would come among us whenever he could, and at last, when the old chief died, he came to us altogether. We made him our chief then, for he is a man of wonder—a great medicine man—a counsellor, and the bravest of the brave."

While the warriors were eagerly discussing the peculiar reasons why Gondo was not admitted into his father's house, a cry was raised, and Gondo himself stood before them.

"Warriors," he cried, "we go up the river to-night."

Instantly every man started to his feet.

"Warriors! the time is coming when we will see the reward of our labors. The pale faces have covered the land, and driven us off from our fathers' graves. We have been pushed away into other hunting grounds. The pale face is hateful to us, and we long for revenge.

"We have had some revenge, warriors. I have led you for some moons, backward and forward, and we have fought and conquered; still who fell into our hands have been slain. None have escaped to tell of us. No one knows of us. We kill as many as we find.

"Warriors! all this is but the beginning of a great slaughter. The English king, who loves the Indians, will soon be master in this land again. A great chief of the Americans will give up to him his fort, and the English braves will enter in. Then the whole land will be theirs.

"Warriors! then the English king will say, 'Strike,' and we can rush in and take vengeance. All the pale faces whom we meet will be our prey. We need not make any differences among them.

"We will follow the English braves and kill, and burn, and destroy. We will pay those pale faces for all the wrongs they have heaped on us.

"We will stay them by hundreds. Their blood shall flow every where. The land shall become a desert.

"I have spoken."

Gondo ceased. He had uttered these words in fierce and stern tones, which awoke bloodthirsty passions in every heart.

Loud screams and shouts followed this harangue. The warriors brandished their knives, or waved their guns in the air.

"Hurra warriors! and conflict," we must go."

He departed with long strides. The others followed. Soon all was silent, and the flame illumined a deserted scene.

### CHAPTER XXVII.

#### THE TRIAD.

Clara prepared for the journey in silence. Weighed down by a thousand anxieties, she could not summon up for the long hours to pass. The slowest hours to pass. The secret was all too one great desire to see her dearest friend, Arnold, once more. Arnold, the noble, the high-souled, in his despicable position, his implacable enemies, and his utter friendlessness, her soul sank within her.

Ury assisted her in silence also. At last they were all prepared. Clara sat upon a couch. Ury sat on a stool at her feet. Taking her hand she looked fixedly into her eyes.

"You have a great purpose, child—so have I."

"Yes, Ury?"

"Yes, child."

Ury was calm, no agitation displayed itself in her. Clara would have wondered what great purpose Ury could have had she not been so troubled herself, as it was, she had no thought but for Temple.

"You are going with Gondo?"

"Yes."

"He is a bad man."

"I know it."

"He loves you."

"Unfortunately he does."

"He is desperate, malicious and revengeful."

"All that, and more."

"And yet I told you to go."

"I never said that."

"And you go?"

"I will."

"Do you trust Ury, child?"

"Good dearly," said Clara.

A tear glistened in Ury's eye. It was the first trace of emotion that she had ever seen in her.

"You are safe, child," said Ury. "I will tell you."

She smoothed Clara's hands in that tender, loving way peculiar to her, and went on:

"Gondo will take several boats. In one of them will be a man who is going as far as we do; you know him—Major André."

"André!" cried Clara with joy.

A great load was taken off her mind. Now her own safety was sure, for well she knew that he would shed the last drop of blood from his noble heart, rather than let a hair of her head be injured.

"There is one thing that you must promise, dear child."

"What is it?"

"Not to breathe a word to André about your reasons for going."

"Why not?" said Clara in dark surprise.

"I have a purpose," said Ury, "and it is for that purpose that I ask you to keep it a secret. You can do so for my sake, will you not, child?"

"I will, Ury—dear, and her mother."

"Thanks. That is all I ask. He will be curious to know what it is. Tell him that it is private business. Tell him that he must not know that his becomes of Captain Temple. Evade his questions. Above all, mention Temple's name to a new appointment."

"I will," said Clara in dolorous tones.

"If he knew all, he could do nothing in time to save Temple. My purpose is to save Temple—and I have another thing to do also."

She was silent. Clara herself in her own gloomy thoughts. The time dragged slowly away, until it seemed as though the hours of departure would never come.

At last the welcome cry was heard at the door. A man was seated in the stern of the second boat. He was wrapped in a heavy cloak. Ury quickly stepped into and Clara followed, sinking close by the man.

The night of the torches which some of the men bore lighted up, disclosing the face of Clara.

The man in the cloak uttered a joyous cry of recognition, and exclaimed:

"You here! and on such a journey?"

"Major André!" said Clara, in unfeigned delight.

The sound of their voices brought Gondo to the scene. Rage flashed across his face.

"The other boat is yours Miss Wells."

"Major André," said Clara, "what are you talking about. Do you suppose I will allow myself to be divided from Gondo's company?"

Gondo ground his teeth with rage.

"This boat stays at the Falls."

"What if it does?" said André, coldly.

Gondo could say nothing, so he muttered his rage and tried to make the best of his disappointment.

Soon the boats put out from the shore, and yielding to the strong strokes of Gondo's Indians, they passed swiftly up the river. Those that could see the oar as well as the paddle, for Gondo had trained them to many of the arts and practices of the whites.

André was evidently very curious to know what cause could induce Clara to undertake this voyage, but mindful of his promise to Ury, she evaded his questions and led him to think it was some family affair.

"I half believe," said he with a laugh, "that you are a little relative of I am very glad that my good fortune has sent you as fellow-passenger."

"And without fortune?" said she, archly, said Clara; "for I am afraid of these Indians, and Gondo more than all."

"Gondo may be a faithful. Is he not? Your alarm is unreasonable."

"I am very much reduced, and with reason," said Clara.

He would not think of injuring you."

"He would be too ready to do so."

"Do you think so?"

"I know so too well."

"Then tell me, why did you come?"

"I was compelled to," said Clara, coldly.

"At any rate you are safe so long as I am near, and I will see that you arrive safely."

"Will you, Ury?" she asked.

For after you leave the vessel, my danger will begin."

"I cannot believe that there is danger! you will put you beyond the reach even of fear. I will have you sent to the doors of Valiare's house."

"You are too generous. How can I ever repay you?"

By thinking kindly of me when I am gone," said André, in pensive tones.

Ury was silent. She captured Clara.

"I am filled with mournful presentiments. I am convinced that some evil is near for me.

I may reason against this feeling, but reason is powerless to shake it off."

"You are gloomy to-night, that is all. It is the natural depression of spirits. It will leave you by morning."

"Perhaps," I have had it for some days. I feel as though I will never again see the green fields, the bright scenes of my life and England never more hear the voices of my friends, my brother, my sisters, and my boy."

"You are indeed dispirited."

"I am. I have been exposed to dangers before, in the field and on the flood, I have laughed in defiance, and I have fought in battle, but I have never experienced the heavy weight of coming misfortune that now I feel."

André tried to change the conversation to a more cheerful tone. He seemed to take a deep delight in all that Clara said, he listened to the sound of her voice with mournful pleasure.

"Clara, I have no youngest sister," said André; "you send my thoughts home for away. When you speak, I am again in the humble house where I was born."

"Dear André, Clara looked back and recalled his mournful tones, his tender manner, and the many childlike fondness of his promises.

André was true to his promise; and when he reached the Valiare, in spite of the remonstrances of Gondo, whom he left behind with the boats, he sent the Valiare's host ashore, to clare a flag of truce; to Arnold's house with Clara and Ury.

Mrs. Arnold was surprised and overjoyed to see her dear friend. Clara, who saw with pain that her face was marked with deeper melancholy than it had ever worn before.

### CHAPTER XXVIII.

#### THE TRIAD.

It was the twentieth of September.

Arnold had risen early from his unquiet couch, whom he had tossed restlessly all through that sleepless night, distracted with a thousand thoughts and fears. He was on the brink of a pit of endless infamy, and the influences of the morning was already overshadowed him soul.

He was aroused by a rap at his chamber door. Opening it he saw Gondo.

"Well?"

"All right."

"Is the boat come?"

"Yes."

"Where is he now?"

"On board."

"Have you left he got the note?"

"The one you sent on board?"

"Yes."

"Oh, yes, he got that, I saw it. You promised to go on board to-day."

"That's the note."

"And are you going?"

"No."

"I thought it was a rich adventure to think of. The time has not yet come," continued Gondo, with peculiar expression, "when a British officer will be the safest place for you."

His words thrilled to the heart of Arnold. He said nothing, but for a moment was filled with deep emotion.

"It's too late to go back now at any rate," said he.

"I hope you are not thinking of such a thing."

"Oh, no."

"Arnold has gone exposed to dangers before, in the field and on the flood, I have laughed in defiance, and I have fought in battle, but I have never experienced the heavy weight of coming misfortune that now I feel."

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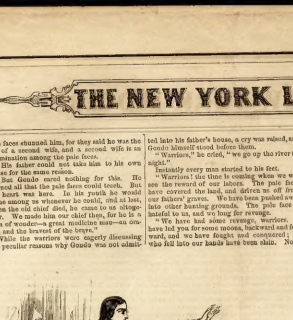

A BAFFLED VILLAIN.

He knew that Arnold was a traitor, and was even then engaged in treasonable correspondence with the enemy. But he had not a single definite thing which could be designated against him. Under the circumstances, he could not make a charge. The guilt of Arnold was known to him, but it was vast and undefined. It was not possible for him to state to the world wherein this guilt lay.

He had one chance which had been lost forever.

If he had told all to Washington at the beginning, confessing his love for Clara, his entirety, and his plans, the garden, he might have prevented the guilt on the right one. Even that appeared doubtful, however.

All eyes were fixed on him. He was a manful object of interest. His noble form and handsome face, his martial air, and keen, bold eye, all excited admiration. Compassion was lost for the misfortune of so promising a youth, who thus, by his indiscretion, had been drawn into the most abhorrent crimes.

Among those present Harry saw Gondo, his malevolent eyes gleaming with evil triumph, and his dark features wreathed into a sneer.

"What a fine copy for a devil's face," thought Harry, as he looked at Gondo.

Then his thoughts reverted to Clara. Where was she? Somewhere at New York. Perhaps at that moment she was thinking of him, all unconscious of his danger. What would he not give to see her once more! If this could be gained, he would die content.

"Ah, Clara," he sighed, "and intercourse has been but little. How many troubles have separated us. Strange difficulties that rose from nothing. Goods that came from I know not where—that have all been so filling us with grief—and now, when our love and trust is firm, and beyond the reach of change or estrangement, a greater sorrow than all is falling upon us. Yet, since life is dearer to you than life to me, I will be faithful."

Remarks were passed freely around among the crowd.

They admired his manly beauty, his unruffled face, his firm demeanor, his unfaltering glance. Arnold himself could not conceive his severe scrutiny. Perfected guilt was brought face to face with sinless innocence, and could not endure the ordeal.

"Poor fellow! how nobly he bears himself!" said one.

"It was a black day for him when he first encountered a designing woman."

"He was led into it by that king of traitors, the infamous old Tory, Walton."

"How so?"

"Arnold is in love with his daughter."

"Ah, I see—"

"And of course a young fellow in that position is not to do anything."

"Of course not, except when he wasn't so much to blame, after all."

"No, Arnold never denied that heavy-headed old miscreant, Walton, has done all this, that is now charged against the poor young fellow."

"Where is Walton now?"

"They say he has gone to New York."

"Pray Heaven that he may stay there till we capture the city. We can open both him a lesson that will be one to remember."

"They served him about right in Philadelphia, I'm."

"Yes, only they ought to have waxed up the dog's proceedings in a good hemp rope."

Thus the remarks of the crowd were freely commented upon, and they increased him in innocent, all felt deeply for his misfortunes.

### CHAPTER XXIX.

#### THE CONDEMNATION.

Under such circumstances as these the court martial was opened.

The charges against him were made, and the proofs one by one weighted.

There was no room for vindication. This was plain and intelligible. He had received orders to go to the fort, and he had gone by them.

So he could say nothing. He endeavored to show that he was suffering could be brought in was of little consequence which way he went to the fort, since he could the dispatches, but this was plainly not to be listened to for a moment.

Then Harry was called on to testify with the two boats. This story made a sensation in the court. Harry was a remarkable man, and also the hero of it excited both sympathy and admiration. Many of the officers knew him, for they did not wish to believe that these bonfires were the work of a traitor, since it was painful to think that American could be beaten so easily.

Some of the boatmen, however, were called to testify, and these were severe positively that they were Americans, and stationed in grande; having called out to them, and they had promptly fired upon, which recounted for the wounded man found by Gondo's people.

This changed the tide of feeling again. If there were mercenaries in the case, the investigation, it was evident that Temple's act was not a traitorous, but patriotic.

Harry was overwhelmed, with consternation. He did not know what to say. Hopeless seemed to be turned against him. He could not even speak in his own way. He could that effect against witnesses who were ready to swear to anything and everything in a court where the judge was Benedict Arnold.

He supposed that Clara had fled into his innocence grew weaker. He saw how easily his innocence could be proved. He stood as one accused of the foulest prospects.

Then followed his visit to the British vessel. Harry told what he knew from the shore gave testimony against him. They had seen the boat go to the vessel, and the British vessel, and assist the boy in. After his companions had got on board, the vessel had sailed down the river to meet reinforcements.

Harry drew deep sighs, but he did all that he could; that is, he told the story exactly as it was. He was not to be believed. But as if a British officer would be so wonderfully sensitive of his honor as to endeavor to make these nice distinctions between a man who had served as a soldier, and another who was an escort to the ladies.

The court heartily laughed at, and quizzical remarks were made on every side.

It was evidently felt to be an unpleasurable case in honor of dispatches to visit the enemy, and hold intercourse with him, while a flag of truce was in his possession. Who would believe that those dispatches had been surrendered? Who would believe that Harry could convince them that the whole affair was not one premeditated treachery?

There was no other way in which the judges could account for his disappearance. It was a plausible was so unheard of, so extravagant, that it was not to be believed. Never were facts believed. A bad defence is much more ingenious than none. The situation in his commission which they had shown in handing him near the general's quarters, also had an weight in the army of testimony, and showed that there must have been some friendship between Temple and his enemies even in the war vessel.

Lastly his journey to Philadelphia, and his reappearance with Temple. "Total" were brought forward, and it was mentioned as a strange coincidence, that young Temple should have been killed just as he was going through. It was thought a very

singular thing that he should venture alone through such a country and escape unmolested.

Long before the evidences had been gone through, Henry had given all he had. The charge against him and the proofs showed a persevering hate, and a jealous desire for vengeance that was amazing. He was thunderstruck. Who could be so relentless an enemy. Whom had he injured so as to fill him with such hate.

There was Gessler—chief magistrate and head persecutor—but he had never injured Gessler. On the contrary he had always supported him as a friend. From what cause had he now turned so fiercely against him?

Finding condemnation inevitable, the high and self-denying man rose up superior to misfortune. He determined not to be cast down, but to maintain a resolute and dignified manner. He was not afraid of death, and if his enemies wanted his life, he was determined that they should not find any triumph in his weakness or his fears.

At length the deliberations were all ended. The prisoner was found guilty, and condemned to death. The time, however, was not decided upon.

Arnold suggested the property of carrying the sentence into immediate execution. But this others were averse to also. As Winkelried would return in a few days, they thought that the importance of the case, the high station of the condemned, all demanded that the execution should be delayed at least until his return.

As Arnold had nothing to gain or to lose personally by this, he was able to be impartial; it was a matter of complete indifference when or how the prisoner died, so he consented to the deferring of the execution.

The sentence was then formally announced, and the court adjourned. The spectators dispersed, and Henry was led back to prison.

To him the words either sounded like a dream. The idea of his being condemned to death as a traitor, seemed incredible. But by slow degrees the horrible truth penetrated his mind.

Farewell," he cried, as he looked through the grating of his window out upon the glorious scene around. "Farewell, light, liberty, hope and happiness. Farewell, oh, my love!"

Overwhelmed by all his sorrows together with a sense of utter loneliness and desertion, he yielded without resistance to the fate of grief that now rolled in upon him.

## CHAPTER XXX.

### "OUR TIME SHANNA NA."

Early on the morning after Clara's arrival at Arnold's house, Uly disappeared mysteriously, and could not be found.

She had gone to Clara's room while the fair young girl lay in troubled sleep. There she kneeled her, and gently kissing her pale brow, she departed. Clara awoked after all her directions, but she could not be found.

This mysterious leave of the beautiful Clara's wonder ever since she had known her, but her curiosity was completely baffled. She felt a strange, deep love for the singular being, but why or how it arose she could not tell.

But Alma and grief for Harry Tuple drove from her mind her thoughts of Uly. She had no peace for her now, while Harry's fate hung in such fearful suspense.

Mrs. Arnold still showed for Clara the same affection as before.

On the morning of the day of trial, Clara wandered about the house seeking to soothe her disquieted mind. Entering Mrs. Arnold's room, she found her passionately weeping over her child.

"What is the matter, dear mother?" she said.

"Oh, nothing," said Mrs. Arnold, with a weary smile. "I give way to my foolish feelings, but I ought to be ashamed of myself."

"It is a world of sorrow," said Clara, sadly.

"Ah me, there is little to hope for in this life," she added in a tone fearful enough to the young. "We have fallen upon evil days."

Mrs. Arnold sighed profoundly. Could it be that she knew all? Clara herself knew too much, and the fate of Arnold had been communicated to her ellis that of a traitor spy. She sought to cheer her unhappy friend with that delicate friendship and tender sympathy which were the only qualities of a heart like hers.

Clara avoided altogether the subject of the trial. It was painful to think of and to her ears to speak of. Here was the well tested daughting to mock judgment over the one whom he had falsely accused, and who, in the eyes of the noble only could save him from unmerited punishment. But was it possible that Arnold was blind? He could only do it by confessing his own guilt; and to a man like him that was impossible.

"How beautiful the river is," said Clara. "Look the British schooner has come to anchor but still masts defined against the sky above the opposite shore."

Mrs. Arnold looked, and shuddered when she saw the schooner.

No consolation, no comfort was possible to that tortured soul. Every prospect, every sight thought that her own sorrows, and as they were could not be compared to those of her friend.

Wearily and mournfully she passed the day. The hours seemed interminable. But at last, toward evening, she saw the figure of Gondo at the door. From his sorrowful welcome now, for he could rid her of suspense.

He entered the room where she was, and greeted her.

"It is my sad fate," said he, "to be most attracted to that place where I am least welcome." Clara did not reply.

"I bring bad news."

"Bad news?" repeated Clara, with trembling fear. "You—the worst?"

"What is it?" said she, with forced calmness. "He is condemned."

"Condemned! condemned!" she cried. She stretched out her arms wildly. Hope had fled, she sank down in despair, crushed and broken-hearted.

"Condemned! knew me!" she murmured, after a pause.

"Not till I have told you of a remedy."

"A remedy!" said she: "what remedy can there be?"

She looked at him with fixed eyes, unutterly meaningless.

"His punishment will not take place till Washington returns."

"Not till then? Oh, then I will be able to see him once more?"

"You, and to save him."

"Save him! What do you mean?"

"I mean what I say."

"How?"

His whole demeanor was unnatural. He could be loosed from his dungeon and his bonds. Say but the word—"

"You mock me."

"Oh, my love! I do not. The jailer is a creature of mine, who will do what I tell him."

Clara looked fixedly at him, and then with unutterable scorn and loathing. She could not suppress these feelings, nor did she seek to do so.

"I know you well. I know who has bounded on the officers of the law. I know the perjured witness, the false friend, the lying tinker who has sworn away the life of his trusting friend; I know him and I see him. Do you think I am so much of an idiot as to be deceived by the false words of one like you? Do you hope to catch me with your abhorrent proposals? Go, go; you are more detestable than ever."

Gondo rose, trembling with rage.

"I go," said he: "I come to love, but I will return to revenge."

She did not deign to reply, or even to look at him.

He departed, and left her alone.

Thus she fled to her room. There all her feelings burst forth uncontrolled.

"Condemned! condemned!" she repeated. "condemned! condemned!"

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

## THE RECOGNITION;

### STRANGELY MET, FIERCELY GREETED.

BY DR. S. COMPTON SMITH.

I had slightly wounded a young koffilo cow, and the frightened animal, as if possessed of supernatural intelligence, had left the herd in the exciting chase over the undulating plain—now stopping and angrily pawing the ground—until I had almost reached within pistol shot of her, when she suddenly changed her tactics—gave a bull and temp me on in hot pursuit.

Then was after which had intervened between me and the island grove, where I had left my horse, and consequently stopping for the first day's journey which my fathers up, and my spirit had risen to fever heat. Fatigue, hunger, and thirst overwork, I drew rein, and abandoning the useless bow, looked about me for some shelter from the scorching sun.

The scene was one of desolation, and the dark clouds, hanging in heavy masses upon the close horizon, threatened a wild storm; and in my sudden dash after the wounded cow I had not noticed the gloomy elements surrounding our temporary encampment.

Around me, as far as vision could stretch, lay the wild Texan prairie, dotted here and there with those beautiful, garden-like clumps of timber, known as "islands," the inhabitants of the country "oasis," and which so much resembling each other in appearance, make it a easy for the unaccustomed traveller, when once out of the beaten track, to lose his way.

I had lost little idea of the distance that lay between me and the grove, or of the time that had elapsed since I had left them. I could judge only of the former by the time I had been and had upon my horse, who was panting violently from his extraordinary exertion.

Giving him a few moments to breathe the refreshing breeze, that seemed every now and swells, I led him to the lightest ground near me, and took another sweeping survey over the prairie. A sea of waving grass rolled in gentle undulations before me and the dark horizon, rapidly closing nearer and nearer around me, while this scattered islets momentarily assumed a darker hue, and became more distinctly seen there. But the grove where we had thrown down the tent poles was not to be seen anywhere; or, if seen, it was not distinguishable among the dark objects that were fast closing in on the plain.

I was confused, and knew not which way to direct my course. Instinct, or rather the natural instinct of my native horse, I would till he had recovered his wind, and then, springing to the saddle, give him a free rein. I had no doubt he would carry me safely to camp, or to the campingplace, or to the trail we had been travelling for days.

For some distance the overtasked animal moved along in a slow walk, drooping head, and ears swinging nervously back and forth with every motion of his body; but as the breeze freshened around him, and the dark clouds, ing to disgorge their contents of rain and wind in the upper regions, he raised his head in a few moments, as if forcing the fury of the approaching commotion, and with a loud neigh broke into a long, rocking gallop, straight for an island of timber that seemed to skirt the sky.

As we neared this promising shelter, the sky and the atmosphere became fearful to look at the rising wind. The cry was answered to by a shout, and as I looked around me, I saw that I no dashed rapidly toward the east, my eyes were gladdened by the sight of a number of horsemen in broken path among the trees.

I doubted not that they wished to rejoin my friends, and giving a loud shout, I pressed my heels to my gallant steed, and dashed toward the grove.

But scarcely had I reached the edge of the foliage, than I was startled by a fierce voice, in which my name was called:

"*Ship! come no nearer!*"

And as I looked around, ere I could check my headlong speed, the sharp crack of a rifle rang upon the air, and I heard the bullet whistle within a half-centiment "duet"—and then I felt myself driven violently to the earth, and stunned by the lifeless body of my poor, brave little bull-friend.

The bullet had crossed his forehead, and, at the last beast, that for months had borne me safely through the wilderness and rivers, over the mountains and through the tangled forests of Texas, lay dead and lifeless. While his life was ebbing away he gave me a parting blessing.

Stunned and bewildered was my first on my horse, where I had thrown it during the chase, I endeavor to rise from the ground, but my eyes and struggled with all my force to free my left leg from the dead and weight of my horse, determined to set my life at stake for that of my steed. But I found myself scarcely confined, for my body lay across the left stirrup, from which had been torn upon it by the fall.

Discovered with the strongest anger and beset me in this defenceless position, I made another powerful effort, and, at length, when I had freed my horse clear from the ground, and would have risen my feet, at the moment I made the effort a hand laid upon my arm, and with a sudden wrench I was thrown backward upon the ground with a groan, and I was again dashed to the ground.

"Philip Wharton, are you alive or have I?" Have you not had enough of us, that you must seek me to the farm more?" I recognized the same fierce voice which had so suddenly startled my attention at first.

With difficulty I turned my head in the direction from whence came the voice, and my eyes met those of my former friend and companion, Ralph Hamilton.

"Ralph Hamilton!" I exclaimed, in surprise.

"Yes, Ralph Hamilton, you villain, and you have murdered my poor horse, and you shall pay for it!"

"Ralph Hamilton, you are mistaken," I said, "I am not the man you take me for."

"Philip Wharton, you are a liar and a villain!

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

## SOWING AND REAPING.

BY J. F. WHITNEY,

AUTHOR OF "THE SPINSTERS," "HUSBANDS," ETC., ETC.

### CHAPTER XIX.

Has thy miserable hands ever grown
Hard with toil, and hot with labor's sweat?
Hast thou ever kneaded out new bread in misery,
By tears eyeless and joyful in despair?
Poem.

Short four o'clock that same afternoon, Clarissa rider looking carefully round to ascertain that she was not watched, turned down a narrow street running out of Tottenham court-road, and walked very briskly till she arrived at a small but respectable looking shop, a baker's, with the name of Brown over the door.

It was her home.

A tall, handsome, giant-limbed young man, dressed in his working-clothes, stood gazing with a hopeless, sad expression down the street, in an opposite direction from the one she came.

It was her cousin, Adam Heyes. Poor fellow! his life was in her smiles; a word, a look could bring him at any moment rewarded like a spaniel to her feet. Never was despot more absolute, or slave more submissive.

If a fit of jealousy occasionally prompted him to rebel, the effort was merely momentary, serving, like most unsuccessful ones to rivet his chains more tightly.

It was extraordinary to note the change in his countenance when Clarissa made her appearance. It was like sunbeams dispersing the mist overhanging the landscape.

The loud-hearted girl—liked, although one of her greatest weaknesses was to taunt him—exhibited familiarity to the handsome young giant, as she passed into little parlor at the back of the shop, where a respectable-looking man was sitting disconsolately at table, the dinner before him being untasted.

It was her father.

"Late this time, Susan?" he said, with a sigh.

"Later than ever," she answered, kissing him.

He was the only person permitted to call her by the name her godfather and godmother had given her. If by accident her cousin addressed or spoke of her by it, the capricious girl would torment him for a week in her way of punishment.

"And you have waited for tea?" she exclaimed, throwing her arms round the old man's neck, and kissing him.

"Don't I always wait?"

"There was more love than reproach in his tone.

"But not so late," she replied. "You are a dear, good father—kinder to me, I fear, than I deserve."

Mr. Brown took his daughter by the hand, and looked into her eyes long and earnestly.

Clarissa endured the scrutiny with a quiet, calm smile, and soon her cheek took a playful tint, and her head fell.

At that moment she felt how sweet it was to meet her parent's gaze without shame.

"You have not kissed me," she said, pouting her lips to her cheek.

The latter she exclaimed, seeing herself, "I did not feel it."

"Ah, but you do now! Let me assist you—quite hot, too, I declare! Shall I call Adam? Adam!" she repeated aloud.

Her cousin came into the room, and took his seat without uttering a word.

"No wonder you have a good appetite, Susan (one reason most exhibits that she has good names), practising so many hours."

"I guess you've been practising since o'clock, father!"

Poor Adam looked terribly uneasy.

"I have been walking," she added.

"Alone?" said the old man.

"Nearly all the time."

"Not all?"

"No, not all," replied his daughter archly.

The handsome countenance of her cousin flushed deeply.

"And I am going out again this evening," she added.

"It is not open night," observed her father, seriously.

"I am aware of that."

"Shall I order the hackney coach, Madam Caroline Clarissa?" inquired Adam Heyes, timidly. He would have given anything to be permitted to call her Susan.

"Thank you, I intend to walk.

This time the features of her cousin became deadly pale.

"It would not do for us to be seen riding together," she continued, laughingly; "our neighbors are fond of gossiping, surmising, and inventing, they would say all kinds of ridiculous and improbable things—possibly that we were in love with each other."

Mr. Brown smiled; he felt delighted at the idea of his daughter and nephew going out together, for Adam Heyes had long been to him as a son.

"And am I really to take a walk with you?" demanded the young man, eagerly.

"If you have no better engagement," answered Clarissa, demurely. "I always feel so safe," she added, "when you are with me."

Neither her father nor cousin continued to question the capricious girl any further; but each rule was through their hearts, and despair or the strength of hope affected the two.

"At what time will you want me?" inquired Adam, timidly.

"At seven."

"Thank you, thank you."

"Well, he certainly is very handsome," mentally ejaculated the damsel, as she retired to her own room to make such alterations in her toilet as her situation upon her. "Pity I can't fall in love with him. But a baker—ridiculous!"

Strange to say, she saw nothing ridiculous in her father being a baker; it was custom that had lowered him more but he loom a prince.

There was a rag at the street door; but counts quitted the little parlor to answer it, but such was his impatience to get back again, that he not only gave the woman a quarters instead of a half-penny—but, in the darkness and hall paid him for it back again with the change.

Oh, the time, this time! It misses and fools even of the wisest of us, and yet we would bid the time pass away on, that youth, like the sweet gunner up—in memory's store—stock recollections for us to dwell upon.

"You will break poor Adam's heart, Susan," observed Mr. Brown as his nephew disappeared.

"You don't know how strong it is, father," answered his daughter, laughingly.

"He might choose the richest girl in the neighborhood," urged the old man; "there is not one that would refuse him."

"Let him choose," said the damsel, with an air of real or affected indifference.

"You know that his choice is already made."

"Indeed!"

"He will never marry, unless you——"

The rest of the worthy baker's speech was cut short by the return of Adam Heyes, who felt in the lover's seventh heaven of delight, at the thought of having been invited to walk out with his pretty cousin.

A walk! There was no telling what tender confidences it might not lead to.

Clarissa (we shall continue to designate her by her professional name, at least, for the present) returned to her own room—her brother (neither Mr. Brown nor his nephew ever could recollect the story) as she persisted in her laughing it.

"Make those—if smart, ha!" said the old man, with a knowing look.

"I intend to do so, uncle, if——"

"It be all right, Adam; I will keep shop for thee. There will be a nice treat at the Crown and Pippin to-night," he added.

The lover disappeared, and turned two girls' eyes in a new line, glowing, sweet, and eager.

When Clarissa descended to the parlor, a few minutes later, with an appointed look to change to the appearance of her cousin quite startled her, and she repeated to herself, "He really is very handsome."

She forgot at that moment that he was a baker —she even, the stilling little back room, the shop, and everything connected with it.

"Why, Adam!" she exclaimed, "you have made yourself quite a beau, indeed."

"I have done my best not to disgrace you," replied the young man, blushing deeply.

"A new hat and gloves, too!" she continued, eyeing him critically; "and a stock, and but who has tied your cravat in that odious knot?"

As matter of course he had tied it himself.

Clarissa drew off her gloves, and, jumping upon a table in her room to reach him, insisted upon re-arranging it herself. Considering her long nose and skill in such matters, it was a long time before accomplishing it. Could it have been for the pleasure of feeling her young, manly heart that the poor bewildered fellow best sighter her fingers more tightly?

"I think that will do," she said at last.

In Adam's opinion, never had cravat been so completely tied before.

"Good-bye, father," said the damsel, kissing him; "you had best stay here."

"Don't hurry yourselves," said the old man, laughingly, "I shall not."

He rubbed his hands with glee, and, as his daughter and nephew passed out into the quiet street, leans with a contented air over the bed door of the shop to contemplate them.

"If she would only have him!" he murmured to himself; "if she would only have him! I am sure she would be happy," he added, "were she the wife of Adam Heyes.

All we can say upon the subject is, that for more improbable things than a marriage between the cousins has occurred.

The youthful pair walked till they reached Oxford-street without speaking a word. The heart of Adam was too full for him to speak, it appeared like a sacrilege to disturb the current of thoughtful. There was something in the silence of her cousin, in the trembling of the hand that rested on which she leant, far more flattering to her pride than any loudly expressed admiration of the aristocratic beauties that turned round her at the theatre.

Many girls like the intoxicating incense offered to them by the sycophantic sex, even though they feel that it means nothing serious and can lead to nothing good; but Clarissa Brown had a pure, high-souled delicate because the purest homage man can offer at the shrine of loveliness.

Exciting, out-spoken fellows may be delightful partners at balls, or companions at concerts, ride, and desultic excerts at flower shows, horticultural meetings, and such like, but they had not somehow or other the quiet, respectful ones generally considered to be attentive ones. They are the real gentlemen in Cupid's bustle. Women know this, and regard the others as mere caricatures.

"Upon my word, cos, you are a most amusing companion," observed the capricious two wounded hearted Miss Brown, after having walked in front that the continued silence was becoming embarrassing; "is it your hour not or even you that are thinking of?"

"Of my sweet," murmured the young man, hesitatingly.

"Very complimentary!—I thank you!" exclaimed Clarissa. "If we were not in the street, I would make my best curtsey."

"I did not mean to have said that it," said Adam Heyes, in a tone of voice so low that it sounded almost like a whisper. "I intended to let not done hesting you—don't be angry with me, and draw away your hand. I will not dare to speak upon the subject—I have obeyed you, that was my power; but will you not thinking, you know."

"Well, I suppose so," replied his cousin, replacing the arm she had snatched suddenly away in his.

Again she felt it tremble beneath the slight pressure.

"And when you questioned me," he added, "I was confined to the truth."

"That is quite right; you know I like the truth."

Again they walked on in silence. Adam's powers of conversation were either exhausted, or he feared to trespass upon the mood in which Clarissa who broke it a second time.

"You are very curious," she observed.

"Indeed, cousin, I am very curious," replied the young man.

"Do you not feel anxious to know where I am going?"

"Not now I am with you."

"I am not in a man's gentleman," said the pretty damsel, demurely.

Her companion affected.

"*Ten gentlemen*," she added.

Adam looked somewhat alarm, although he regarded her seriously.

"Are you not surprised at my placing such confidence in you?"

"Yes."

"Perhaps you doubt me?"

"No," answered Adam Heyes, with an effort to repress the secret pang that wrung his heart; "you are not the girl to join, wantonly upon the poor fellow who loves you, for, after all, Clarissa, the love of an honest man, although rejected, is a precious thing to possess. You would like to trust; indeed, I sometimes think you do find a pleasure in teasing me, but you would not torture me."

His cousin smiled.

"If you really are going to meet two gentlemen," she answered, laughing whisperingly, "it is not because you love them."

"I could think not," exclaimed the bulletgirl, laughingly. "Him! *two at a time!*"

"Hush!" she said aloud, reproachfully.

"You are right," replied the wayward beauty, with more seriousness than an observer could perceive, "I never saw the gentlemen till this morning."

The countenance of Adam brightened, and he breathed more freely.

"One of them is the lover of Clara Chret."

"Indeed?"

"And the other," added Clarissa, laughingly, "is over head and ears in love with some one else. He told me so himself."

"Is it possible?"

"Thank you, Adam—you are positively growing gallant. Orson is endowed with reason. This is the second curtsey I owe you. And now that you have behaved so well," continued the speaker, "I will tell you all about it. You remember Clara Chrete—pretty Clara?"

"I know nothing about her beauty," replied the young man, with a sigh of relief, knowing that I never saw her except by your side, but I have noticed the modest looks and retiring manners. Else was the only one of your companions I ever liked to see you with."

"Poor Clara has been carried off!"

"Carried off!" repeated her cousin, indignantly.

"And is detained a prisoner at Madame's cottage at Brompton."

"Some!" exclaimed Adam Heyes, passionately—in his emotion he forgot the prohibition to address her by any other name than Susan—"for your old father's sake, for your own—I dare not add, for mine—quit the gentlemen that have so offended you. I cannot be every moment at your side to watch over you. Should anything occur, I need not tell you how I would break more hearts than one."

His companion bored him without a sigh, and, strange to say, did not even reprove him for calling her Susan.

"We must not speak of that now," she observed, seemingly. "My object is to rescue Clara, and I count on your assistance."

"I've strong arm," added she, kiss, and which more than once had troubled beneath his gentle pressure, became intensely firm as it was.

It was nerved by manly resolution.

"You will not fail me," said his cousin.

"You look for me to desert you. The remembered fellow would have risked his life at any moment, to save a more unworthy girl from the clutches of the villain who had ensnared her. It was not likely that he would desert you in the hour of danger."

By this time they had reached the Mall, where Clarissa and Tom Mayfield pacing impatiently in front of Carlton House.

The young man's countenance clouded the latter, in a voice broken by emotion.

"Oh! say that you will!"

There was too much of real feeling in the solicitation to be spoken of lightly; it was the first even for an instant with his anxiety, and she resumed a more idle tone.

"Thank Heaven!" murmured the lover.

Neither Tom nor his friend cared how far. They were prepared for anything.

"At Brompton. The Retreat," continued Clarissa. "We will accompany you. I have brought my cousin with me. He is brave as a lion, and good as a lamb. He may be useful to you, perhaps yourselves."

The young men silently shook hands. Never was a truce more willingly. After such words from the lips he loved, he felt that he could face the whole world.

A coach was called. Harold Mansell remonstrated, but Clarissa was about to start.

"All right, sir?"

"Yes, Thomas!"

"Easily find it, sir?"

"Well!"

"Ask at the 'pike-house every one there."

"Now, sir, you will accompany me," added she, "and leave the gentlemen to follow."

Harold Mansell was about to do so, when a sudden thought struck him, and he paused irresolutely.

"Don't know it," replied the man.

"Then drive on," said Tom.

Harold Mansell was about to do so, when a sudden thought struck him, and he paused irresolutely.

"Thank your honor," exclaimed the driver, touching his hat. "can't afford to refuse it; couches shut when they wor, real genry is gentle' and ladies—sometimes—is peoples with some cash."

The hackney-coachman drove rapidly till he reached the turnpike, when he drew up and inquired for the Retreat

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

## HYMN

FOR THE CONSECRATION OF HILL-SIDE CEMETERY, MIDDLETOWN, N. Y.

(Air—*Old Hundred.*)

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

I.

God of our Fathers! we are met
Before Thine eyes, with solemn tread,
Here where our sacred Dead will sleep,
And we in turn shall take our rest,
While others walk the ways of life,
And hear, as we have heard, the chime,
That sets the living to their task.
From Thine unwasted hill of Time:

*Chorus.—Then hear our voices rise to Thee.*
*Of Life, of Death the mighty Deed!*
*And with Thy tender blessing mate*
*This Place a consecrated soil!*

II.

No step of rist here shall sound!
No vulgar voice of self be heard!
But softest tones be whispered low,
The gentle breeze and singing bird!
Here shall the silent mourner kneel!
Here holy tears of love be shed!
And Angel-Memory, as a sister,
Watch o'er this City of the Dead!

*Then hear, &c.*

III.

God of our Being! as we'll pass
On grassy grave and lofty tomb,
May we behold them not as Fear,
That laid us in Immortal Room!
But as the Gates, that ope to Thee
Here find a last and sure home.
But long to meet, on Heavenly Hills,
Eternally even under the Sod!

*Then hear our voices rise to Thee,*
*Of Life, of Death the mighty Deed!*
*And with Thy tender blessing make*
*This Place a consecrated soil!*

## A THRILLING INCIDENT.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

In the course of a pleasant conversation which we recently had with a venerable old lady from Virginia, she related the following thrilling incident, which is given as near as possible in her own language:

"My husband, when I married him, was considered a man of means, and we set up housekeeping in the city of Richmond, with some pretensions to style; but I soon discovered that his good soul though he was, had a fondness for speculation that at length resulted in his ruin. Soon after the birth of our fourth child, he came and told me, with tears in his eyes, that everything he had in the world would soon be seized to pay his debts—bonds, land, negroes, plate, even horses, cattle—all.

"It was a terrible blow to me—for what would become of our poor children? the eldest of which was only six, and the youngest a helpless babe in the arms.

"I see you may pity for us to live and keep our little ones with us,' he said, 'and that I am afraid we never can think to do.'

"If it is heroic, dear Richard,' I replied, 'I will submit to it without a murmur.'

"In the southwestern part of this state,' he continued, 'my brother owns a tract of some two hundred acres of wild, uncultivated land, which he says he will deed to you if we will settle on it.'

"Thank your brother kindly in my name, and say we accept his offer.'

"God bless you Clara, for a dear, noble woman!' he rejoined, rushing from the apartment to conceal from me his overpowering emotions.

"I need not dwell on a painful scene. Six months later, my dear husband, and all my children were the sole tenants of a lonely cabin in the wilderness, and took it on, from a state of ease and luxury, had come down to hard work and hard fare. For the first three or four years I suffered much from severe labor and privation, but these seemed lights to me when weighed against my constant fears. The thought of sickness did not trouble me half so much as the fear of wild beasts. Bears, wolves, cougars and snakes were all around us, and I scarcely ever felt at ease either night or day. I was afraid for my husband when he went out to his work, I was afraid while I was at home with my children and a mother's fears for her children made me trouble for every unusual sound. My husband tried to reason away and then laugh away my fears—but all to no purpose—I remained to suffer from my imagination what no language can describe.

"During the first year of our life in the wilderness, we became possessed of a yoke of oxen; and this animal, with a bell attached, was allowed to run about the woods in the day time, but was always secured in a snug little shed at night. But one day my husband came home unaccountably—for when my husband was busily engaged in planting, hoeing, or reaping, he generally took upon myself the task of finding and driving the oxen home, and I was sure with a tremulous prayer for safety, and returned with a fervent prayer of thanksgiving. This same four years passed away without any events of special interest, when I suddenly met with a terrible misfortune, mainly through my own foolish fears.

"One day I had been so busy with my housework as to forget my usual task of going for the cow till just as the sun was setting, when I was hurriedly charging my eldest daughter not to venture from home with the children, as I was off to find her. I had gone but few steps, when I fancied I heard the well-remembered bell ring, and hastily turning a small point of woodland, I suddenly caught a view of the cow not more than a hundred yards distant. I called her joyfully, and with a feeling of great relief started forward to see her advance toward me as usual; but to my surprise, and my horror, she turned her head angrily, stamped her foot once or twice, and then, with a low bellow, as if of fear, suddenly wheeled and bounded off in a contrary direction.

"But I taken time to consider that something had frightened her, I should probably have fled back to the house in alarm; but my first impulse was to follow and turn her, and get her secured before dark; and it required only this design, I thought of nothing but the trouble and vexation she was wilfully giving me in the other her as fast as I could, and as she struck across an open field, through a gap in the fence, and down a slope that led to the summit of a steep hill, I was unable to keep her in sight all the while.

"Upon the hill or cliff I have mentioned, at the extreme point where it is jutted out from the main ridge, and fairly overhung a mountain stream, had loomed and reared over its rocky bed for below, the animal came to a sudden halt, and lowing forward me and away from the fearful precipice, and when I drew near her, panting from my exertions, I saw with surprise that her eyes were wild and glaring, and that her whole frame was trembling like an aspen.

"I now became much alarmed myself. The sun had set, and the shades of evening were fast stealing over the gloomy landscape, and the thought of the lonely way back brought on a trembling like an ague-fit. But what was the matter with the cow? At first I could discover nothing to excite her alarm, and I cautiously called her by a name to which she seldom failed to respond. And even now the sound of my voice was not disregarded, for with a low, frightened bellow she took a step toward me, and then partially wheeled back as if she was rooted to the ground. I quickly looked for the cause, and in my utter horror perceived it in the shape of a large, long black snake, one portion of which was coiled around her left hind leg, with its ugly head stretched upward, and extracting quick like a dart.

"Here, then, directly before me, was one of the terrible objects of my constant dread, seen under circumstances that also included the cause of my timid nature, and for a few moments I stood as one paralyzed, gazing upon the monster, unable to move or even breathe, with my very tongue cleaving to the roof of my mouth. Then suddenly my whole system seemed to rebound, and with a wild, piercing, frightful scream I sprang back, my only thought being to turn and fly, and escape from the horrid thing before me.

"But alas for my backward steps! There was a narrow fissure or chasm in the solid rock, which in my haste and terror I had not perceived, with a loose rock separating it, and this chasm growing each side and meeting over it; and as my foot struck against this rock, I fell, the stone sunk away from beneath me, and went thundering down the awful abyss, and the next instant I found myself hanging by my hands to the verge, and my body dangling and swinging against the side of the fissure. In my fall I had instinctively thrown out my hands, and clutched, like a person drowning, whatever they had come in contact with, and this had saved me from instantaneous death at the bottom of the gulf.

"With a presence of mind that a minute before I did not possess, I now sought to draw myself out; but my arms seemed to have no strength as to be almost powerless, and as I grasped and called on the hunters, I found, to my unspeakable horror, that they were slowly but gradually giving way under the constant cracking and coming out by the very roots—and then, in spite of my exertions, I was perceptibly going down—sinking, sinking—lower and lower—it might be into eternity itself!

"Oh, the agonizing moments, the moments, while I there remained suspended over the abyss of death! What language can describe them? I thought of home—of my dear husband and my helpless children, left alone and desolate in that dreary country, perhaps to remain forever ignorant of the fate of their wife and mother! I turned my head and tried to look down into the awful chasm, but all was darkness below—the blackness of death, with the gloomy chasm-sides above, that everything had in the world would soon be seized to pay his debts—bonds, land, negroes, plate, even horses, cattle—all.

"It was a terrible blow to me—for what would become of our poor children? the eldest of which was only six, and the youngest a helpless babe in the arms.

"I see you may pity for us to live and keep our little ones with us,' he said, 'and that I am afraid we never can think to do.'

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"In the southwestern part of this state,' he continued, 'my brother owns a tract of some two hundred acres of wild, uncultivated land, which he says he will deed to you if we will settle on it.'

"Thank your brother kindly in my name, and say we accept his offer.'

"God bless you Clara, for a dear, noble woman!' he rejoined, rushing from the apartment to conceal from me his overpowering emotions.

"I need not dwell on a painful scene. Six months later, my dear husband, and all my children were the sole tenants of a lonely cabin in the wilderness, and took it on, from a state of ease and luxury, had come down to hard work and hard fare. For the first three or four years I suffered much from severe labor and privation, but these seemed lights to me when weighed against my constant fears. The thought of sickness did not trouble me half so much as the fear of wild beasts. Bears, wolves, cougars and snakes were all around us, and I scarcely ever felt at ease either night or day. I was afraid for my husband when he went out to his work, I was afraid while I was at home with my children and a mother's fears for her children made me trouble for every unusual sound. My husband tried to reason away and then laugh away my fears—but all to no purpose—I remained to suffer from my imagination what no language can describe.

"During the first year of our life in the wilderness, we became possessed of a yoke of oxen; and this animal, with a bell attached, was allowed to run about the woods in the day time, but was always secured in a snug little shed at night. But one day my husband came home unaccountably—for when my husband was busily engaged in planting, hoeing, or reaping, he generally took upon myself the task of finding and driving the oxen home, and I was sure with a tremulous prayer for safety, and returned with a fervent prayer of thanksgiving. This same four years passed away without any events of special interest, when I suddenly met with a terrible misfortune, mainly through my own foolish fears.

"One day I had been so busy with my housework as to forget my usual task of going for the cow till just as the sun was setting, when I was hurriedly charging my eldest daughter not to venture from home with the children, as I was off to find her. I had gone but few steps, when I fancied I heard the well-remembered bell ring, and hastily turning a small point of woodland, I suddenly caught a view of the cow not more than a hundred yards distant. I called her joyfully, and with a feeling of great relief started forward to see her advance toward me as usual; but to my surprise, and my horror, she turned her head angrily, stamped her foot once or twice, and then, with a low bellow, as if of fear, suddenly wheeled and bounded off in a contrary direction.

"But I taken time to consider that something had frightened her, I should probably have fled back to the house in alarm; but my first impulse was to follow and turn her, and get her secured before dark; and it required only this design, I thought of nothing but the trouble and vexation she was wilfully giving me in the other her as fast as I could, and as she struck across an open field, through a gap in the fence, and down a slope that led to the summit of a steep hill, I was unable to keep her in sight all the while.

"Upon the bluff or cliff I have mentioned, at the extreme point where it is jutted out from the main ridge, and fairly overhung a mountain stream, had loomed and reared over its rocky bed for below, the animal came to a sudden halt, and lowing forward me and away from the fearful precipice, and when I drew near her, panting from my exertions, I saw with surprise that her eyes were wild and glaring, and that her whole frame was trembling like an aspen.

"I now became much alarmed myself. The sun had set, and the shades of evening were fast stealing over the gloomy landscape, and the thought of the lonely way back brought on a trembling like an ague-fit. But what was the matter with the cow? At first I could discover nothing to excite her alarm, and I cautiously called her by a name to which she seldom failed to respond. And even now the sound of my voice was not disregarded, for with a low, frightened bellow she took a step toward me, and then partially wheeled back as if she was rooted to the ground. I quickly looked for the cause, and in my utter horror perceived it in the shape of a large, long black snake, one portion of which was coiled around her left hind leg, with its ugly head stretched upward, and extracting quick like a dart.

"Here, then, directly before me, was one of the terrible objects of my constant dread, seen under circumstances that also included the cause of my timid nature, and for a few moments I stood as one paralyzed, gazing upon the monster, unable to move or even breathe, with my very tongue cleaving to the roof of my mouth. Then suddenly my whole system seemed to rebound, and with a wild, piercing, frightful scream I sprang back, my only thought being to turn and fly, and escape from the horrid thing before me.

"But alas for my backward steps! There was a narrow fissure or chasm in the solid rock, which in my haste and terror I had not perceived, with a loose rock separating it, and this chasm growing each side and meeting over it; and as my foot struck against this rock, I fell, the stone sunk away from beneath me, and went thundering down the awful abyss, and the next instant I found myself hanging by my hands to the verge, and my body dangling and swinging against the side of the fissure. In my fall I had instinctively thrown out my hands, and clutched, like a person drowning, whatever they had come in contact with, and this had saved me from instantaneous death at the bottom of the gulf.

"With a presence of mind that a minute before I did not possess, I now sought to draw myself out; but my arms seemed to have no strength as to be almost powerless, and as I grasped and called on the hunters, I found, to my unspeakable horror, that they were slowly but gradually giving way under the constant cracking and coming out by the very roots—and then, in spite of my exertions, I was perceptibly going down—sinking, sinking—lower and lower—it might be into eternity itself!

"Oh, the agonizing moments, the moments, while I there remained suspended over the abyss of death! What language can describe them? I thought of home—of my dear husband and my helpless children, left alone and desolate in that dreary country, perhaps to remain forever ignorant of the fate of their wife and mother! I turned my head and tried to look down into the awful chasm, but all was darkness below—the blackness of death, with the gloomy chasm-sides above, that everything but